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EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS

Wit & Wisdom in Brief

Edited by

WALTER JERROLD

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TO

C. E. LAWRENCE

WITH THE ADMIRATION OF A CRITIC READER,
THE ENVY OF A FELLOW WRITER, AND
THE AFFECTION OF A BROTHER SAVAGE

First Published October 1926

PREFACE

The epigram appears to be one of the most widespread and most persistent forms of man's literary expression, and by no means the least popular of such forms among those people who are readers and not writers. Though there have been many collections or selections of these brevities in verse little apology is necessary for the making of a new one which may serve to introduce to new readers something of the wisdom, wit and humour of the centuries rendered in small compass.

It was stated by the editor of a little garland of epigrams published a dozen years ago that "there have been many collections of epigrams, though not of late, for the art has fallen on evil days." The closing part of that sentence is scarcely accurate, for in Sir William Watson, to refer to an outstanding example, the present time has an epigrammatist who will ever rank high among exponents of the art, one who has done much to restore the epigram to its ancient dignity and beauty—showing that, given the singer, the English language can be adapted to the epigram in the Greek manner not less successfully than in the more frequently followed Latin fashion. For the most part, however, epigrams by contemporary authors are not available for a volume such as the present, but in disproof of the dictum quoted, it would, I think, not be difficult to compile a respectable volume consisting solely of copyright epigrams, which would show that the art has by no means fallen upon evil days, but only that its contemporary manifestations are scattered in many periodicals and volumes.

It is remarkable how large a proportion of poets and verse writers have, if only occasionally, sought to express themselves within the narrow limits of the epigram, while the field, already vast, is illimitably extended if epigrammatic

passages are quoted from longer works, as has been unduly done in some cases. To draw upon such would be to compile a book of epigrammatic quotations rather than of epigrams. Here I have accepted the more limited interpretation of the word epigram, although it has been impossible to avoid including a few examples of quotations that have so long been cited as separate epigrams that their inclusion in any selection may be looked upon as almost inevitable. Possibly a companion work may be completed later consisting more particularly of epigrammatic extracts and maxims.

WALTER JERROLD.

London, September 1926.

CONTENTS

PAGE

About Epigrams 3

Epigrams:

Historical and Political 15

Moral and Philosophical 37

Of Literature and the Arts 71

Medical, Clerical and Legal 103

Personal: Complimentary and Otherwise . 121

Of Sympathy: Perfect and Imperfect . . 139

Matrimonial: Blisses and Misses . . . 169

Anecdotal and Merely Flippant . . . 187

Miscellaneous 207

Index 233

ABOUT EPIGRAMS

ABOUT EPIGRAMS

Much ingenuity has been expended in attempts to define the epigram within epigrammatic limits, but those attempts have been mostly concerned rather with the modern manifestation of this neat form of literary expression than with the epigram as a whole. Conciseness of statement, and completion within the bounds of brevity, are the only qualities that can be consistently claimed alike for the epigram as it was first employed by the Greeks and as it has come to be used since. To the Greeks it was originally but a brief writing, in prose or verse, suitable for inscribing on a statue, monument or temple; later it came to be more particularly associated with a happy thought happily expressed, a tersely put poetic idea rendered in verse, but without the slightest suggestion of leading up to a pointed close. This early character of the epigram may best be indicated by one or two examples from the Greek Anthology. The following, translated by Percy Bysshe Shelley from an anonymous original, represents those of an epitaphal character—for the Greek epigram lent itself especially to use on memorials:

> Eagle! why soarest thou above the tomb?
> To what sublime and starry paven home
> Floatest thou?
> I am the image of swift Plato's spirit
> Ascending heaven: Athens doth inherit
> His corpse below.

The translator's use of assonance throughout, rather than close rhyming may be taken as a compromise between the rhymelessness of the original and the English liking for the periodical chiming in of rhymed words.

This is a translation by Dean Burgon from the Greek of Anytes—the dean adopting decidedly hard rhymes:

> To shaggy Pan, and all the wood-nymphs fair,
> Fast by the rock this grateful offering stands,
> A shepherd's gift—to those who gave him there
> Rest, when he fainted in the sultry air;
> And reached him sweetest water with their hands.

And this, translated by Henry Wellesley, is from an original by Bacchylides:

> To Zephyr, most propitious of all airs,
> Eudemus on his land erects this fane:
> Zephyr, kind help, who hasted at his prayers,
> To winnow from the stalks the ripened grain.

The two later of these early epigrams are little more than tersely put matters of fact, and the first closes on that note; there is no attempt to reach a rapid antithetical climax, no idea of leading up to any "point," which results in there being something of a feeling of flatness to readers with whom the point has become as it were the very reason for the epigram's being; so markedly, indeed, has this same point come to be regarded as the most essential part of the English epigram that many writers who have adapted or translated Greek originals have obviously had difficulty in avoiding any suggestion of an antithetical close. Yet if the Greeks, as a gifted English poet, Rosamund Marriott Watson, put it, principally invested their epigrams "with the wings and the minute proportions, but not the sting of the bee . . . when they wished to be acrimonious, their irony was of the harshest and least subtle kind." In illustration were cited the two following examples, the first translated by John Herman Merivale from Ammianus, the second by Henry Wellesley from Lucillius:

> Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay,
> That thus the dogs may easier find their prey.

Though to your face that mirror lies,
'Tis just the glass for you,
Demosthenes; you'd shut your eyes
If it reflected true.

The epigram would appear to have been adopted into English literature from the Latin rather than the Greek; from the Latin authors who on borrowing the epigram from the Greeks changed its character by embodying in it the antithesis, play of words, or surprise turn at the close, which we have come to indicate by the words point or sting. Catullus and Martial are the two writers who most markedly influenced the development of the epigram in England from its slight beginnings, which may be traced back to the arrival of the Renaissance in this country. Martial has been the model most frequently followed, and a goodly number of English epigrams not specifically translations are but adaptations or applications of his turns of thought, his witty or satiric ideas.

The writing of epigrams in the classic languages has been a favourite exercise with many modern scholars, and some modernists have won their principal fame thereby, among the most notable examples being the Scotsman, George Buchanan (1506-82) and the Welshman, John Owen (1560-1622), each of whom wrote a considerable number of Latin epigrams, and both of whom are represented in the following pages by English renderings of examples of their work.

It is, however, with English epigrams that we are here concerned, but using that term with an elasticity which includes examples Englished from classic originals and, less frequently, from other foreign languages. It may be pointed out that any volume of epigrams must of necessity be a selection rather than a collection, so seemingly inexhaustible are the materials to which the term epigram may be applied, and that even when limited to signify a short pointed or pithy piece of verse; the prose epigram or epigrammatic sentence is another manifestation with material that may also be regarded as inexhaustible; such,

too, might be held to include the whole prodigality of proverbs; indeed, John Heywood, one of the earliest English writers associated with the epigram, when in the mid-part of the 16th century he published a volume of six hundred epigrams, formed one half of that number of versified renderings of popular proverbs. Epitaphs, too, are very largely of an epigrammatic character, but such I have been able to exclude because a large selection of them has already been made in a companion volume.* With such exclusions and limitations, however, the materials may still be looked upon as inexhaustible, in that it would scarcely be possible within the limits of one working life to explore the entire field from which specimens might be gathered. All that each successive worker in the field can do is to base firstly on the work of his predecessors, and then having made his selection from their selections, to add to it further gatherings from those parts of the field in which he has been able to carry on personal explorings, and from flowers that have been produced by later cultivators than those from whom his predecessors were able to cull. And even so, there comes in the further consideration of the limitations imposed by the necessity of keeping the new epigram anthology within the compass of a companionable volume.

Our earlier epigrammatists were wont to tell off their epigrams in "centuries"—even as the modern cricketer likes to reckon his runs; a mere total may in this case however be numerically but not otherwise impressive. The works of John Heywood, as I have said, included six centuries of epigrams "off his own pen"—yet few of these survive to be thought worthy of inclusion in modern collections; the Rev. John Booth in his "Epigrams Ancient and Modern" gave none acknowledged as his, and the Rev. Henry P. Dodd in his "Epigrammatists" but three or four by Heywood. Some of the older "anonymous" ones might possibly be traced to Heywood, but the deciding of

*"Epitaphs: Graveyard Humour and Eulogy." Compiled by W. H. Beable. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

such points is matter that concerns the literary archæologist rather than the compiler of an epigram miscellany for popular entertainment.

It is worthy of note that the two large collections just mentioned were both compiled by clergymen who, to some small extent, appear to have felt hampered in their tasks by their profession. The one considers that the epigram "has altogether passed its legitimate bounds, when its satire or point is aimed at natural defects, or at anything that is stamped with the Divine approval" (the latter appears rather to mean the approval of divines, for the clerical editor is at times not too particular in this connection—where the subject concerns a Church other than his own). The other occasionally alters epigrams the authors of which indulged in words of which the editor disapproved. These however remain two of the most extensive collections of epigrams; the one somewhat uncritically built up, so that it includes a goodly number of examples rather poor in quality, and the other so amplified by a machinery of notes and parallel passages as to be suited rather for the student than for the general reader. Those collections were made some sixty years since.

The editor of the present volume confesses to being governed by a somewhat catholic taste; the simple severity of the Greek epigram is not too high for him, nor the mere punning epigram too low—to adapt the words used by Elia of more general literary expression—and though he may have overlooked some examples which he would have liked to include (such is indeed, in the very nature of the case, inevitable), and included others of which some of his readers may disapprove, he has sought to represent the great variety of ways in which the epigram has been rendered. Though in its origin, as has already been pointed out, the epigram was an inscription suitable for engraving as tribute on a monument, or on a stone that should advertise the *genius loci*, and though in the form by which the Greeks rendered as it were spiritual tribute, the Latins expressed the severities of satire and sarcasm, in

English the field has been yet further widened. While we have our tribute epigrams, our satiric and sarcastic epigrams, we have also various other versified brevities to which the name epigram has by common consent come to be accorded. Thus the custom was begun in the 18th century—if not earlier—and has been maintained fairly regularly since, of rendering conversational witticisms and humorous anecdotes into verse and classifying them as epigrams. Furthermore, mere ludicrous impromptus, for which Theodore Hook was celebrated and of which the late Canon Ainger was a happy exponent, also call for inclusion.

A modern dictionary definition of an epigram may be said to include all these and a good deal more, for it runs thus: "a short poem of a pointed or antithetical character; any short composition expressed neatly or happily or antithetically." In the first part of that definition I would suggest that "short piece of verse" would be better than "short poem," for there are many epigrams that possess nothing whatever of poetry beyond its verse-form; while the latter part of the definition covers also those terse prose presentations which form another province of the epigram, that in which are to be found proverbs, maxims and other instances of much meaning concentrated into few words.

Many are the attempts that have been made to define the epigram epigrammatically, perhaps the neatest of them all being the couplet in which Samuel Taylor Coleridge asks what it is, and supplies the definition:

> What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
> Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

It is to Coleridge, too, that we owe a more laboured attempt to draw a parallel between a lighted candle and an epigram:

> Good Candle, thou that with thy brother, Fire,
> Art my best friend and comforter at night,
> Just snuffed, thou look'st as if thou didst desire
> That I on thee an epigram should write.

Dear Candle, burnt down to a finger joint
Thy own flame is an epigram of sight;
'Tis short, and pointed, and all over light,
Yet gives most light and burns the keenest at the point.

A poet of considerably less calibre than Coleridge was equally happy when he likened the epigram to a jelly-bag. This was Thomas Warton, who wrote:

One day in Christ Church meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.
Your simile, I own, is new;
But how dost make it out, quoth Hugh;
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend.
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit
And point it at the end.

Another definition likens an epigram to a needle:

Take a portion of wit;
And fashion it fit,
Like a needle, with point and with eye;
A point that can wound,
An eye to look round,
And at folly or vice let it fly.

More than one writer has sought to emphasise the similitude of the epigram and the wasp or bee, as in the following examples:

The qualities rare in a bee which we meet
In an epigram never should fail—
The body should always be little and sweet
And a sting should be felt in the tail.

An epigram should be—if right—
Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright
A lively little thing!
Like wasp with taper body—bound
By lines—not many, neat and round,
All ending in a sting.

Point in his foremost epigram alone is found:
Bee-like he lost his sting at the first wound.

An old "Epigram on Epigrams" runs thus:

The best of epigrams should be restrained,—
As to be read in running, and retained.

The following practical presentation of an epigram is described as having been "written on a piece of glass not exceeding in size the hundredth part of a square inch":

A point within an epigram to find
In vain you often try,
But here an epigram within a point
You plainly may descry.

Here it may be said that there are cases in which the title of, or description of the occasion for, some epigrams are necessarily of greater length than the verse itself. It was of such that a wit wrote on a Short Epigram with a Long Introduction:

The head's so large, the tail so small
The point is scarcely seen at all.

The following example, while indicating one characteristic of the epigram generally, may be said to provide an instance of those pointless epigrams the "surprise" of which is effected by the intentional cheating of anticipation with a lame and impotent conclusion:

Those epigrams, my friend, commend,
That with a turn least thought of end;
Then, sure, a tip-top one they'll call
This which concludes with none at all.

An early 18th century rendering of an epigrammatist's retort on a critic is interesting as expressing, though somewhat clumsily, the fact that mere brevity is not sufficient for the success of an epigram:

Coscus, thou says't my epigrams are long;
I'd take thy judgment on a pot of ale:
So thou mayst say the elephant's too strong
A dwarf too short, the pyramid too tall;
Things are not long, where we can nothing spare;
But, Coscus, e'en thy distichs tedious are.

Although Shakespeare has told us that brevity is the soul of wit, it may rather be said of the epigram with the later poet that brevity should describe its body and wit itself be the soul, and the following epigrams on wit generally appear more particularly applicable to wit as rendered in the form of epigram:

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that if polished right,
With the same gift abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright
And sparkles while it wounds.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

The closing quatrain, by the way, was written by a poet who established his reputation by a work far removed from the epigram—those "Night Thoughts" which so did take our ancestors of the 18th century.

A few words may fittingly be said as to the arrangement of the present selection, and one or two other matters. Classification of a large number of such brevities can in the nature of things be but roughly done, and in many instances can be no more than approximately satisfactory; for the greater the number of sub-divisions the greater becomes the likelihood that many of the pieces are qualified for inclusion under more than one heading. Here I have indulged in a broad classification (and am conscious of a number of such cases of overlapping) and have supplemented that arrangement by an alphabetical index to the opening words.

Where two or more epigrams by different writers fall directly under one heading, they are distinguished by Roman numerals—I, II, etc.; where such successive epigrams are the work of the same writer they are marked by lower-case numerals—i, ii, etc., and the author's name appended to the last one. Authorship in a very large number of cases cannot be given; the lines have come down to us unaccompanied by the names of their writers. In not a few instances, different compilers have confidently attributed the same lines to different authors. A case in point is that of the epigram beginning "Lord Erskine at women presuming to rail" (p. 176), which has frequently, and as it seemed most appropriately, been attributed to Sheridan; on the earliest known appearance of the lines they were ascribed to "Monk" Lewis, and to him, unless earlier evidence of Sheridan's authorship is forthcoming, it seems only fitting that they should be credited. Then, too, another pleasantry, "Exceeding cold in frost and snow" (p. 229), has been altered, made applicable to the Prince Regent, and attributed to Sheridan—yet on its earliest appearance that I have been able to trace (1809) it was in the form here given and without any author's name.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL

Lines Supposed to have been Written in the 15th Century by a Yorkist Peer to a Lady of the House of Lancaster.

I

If this pale rose offend your sight,
  It in your bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
  And turn Lancastrian there.

William Somervile.

II

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
  To kiss it shouldst thou deign
With envy pale, 'twill lose its dye,
  And Yorkist turn again.

William Congreve.

Death is Release: Mary, Queen of Scots.

A queen by birth, a prisoner by mishap,
  From crown to cross, from thence to thrall I fell;
My right my ruth, my title wrought my trap;
  My weal my woe, my worldly heaven my hell.
By death from prisoner to a prince enhanced,
  From cross to crown, from thrall to throne again;
My ruth my right, my trap my state advanced;
  From woe to weal, from hell to heavenly reign.

Robert Southwell.

On the Statue of Edward VI, in St. Thomas's Hospital.

On Edward's brow no laurels cast a shade,
Nor at his feet are warlike spoils displayed:
Yet here, since first his bounty raised the pile,
The lame grow active, and the languid smile.
See this, ye chiefs, and, struck with envy, pine;
To kill is brutal, but to save divine!

To the Ghost of Martial: On James I.

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian, than I can my James;
But in my royal subject I pass thee,
Thou flatter'dst thine, mine cannot flattered be.

Ben Jonson.

On King Charles the First.

Great! Good! and Just! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
That it should deluge once again.
But, since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet's sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

Marquis of Montrose.

To Oliver Cromwell.

A peaceful sway the great Augustus bore,
O'er what great Julius gained by arms before.
Julius was all with martial trophies crowned;
Augustus for his peaceful arts renowned.
Rome calls 'em great, and makes 'em deities;
That, for his valour, this, his policies.
You, mighty prince, than both are greater far:
You sure from heaven a finished hero fell,
Who thus alone two pagan gods excel.

To the Household, 1630.

What can the cause be, when the King hath given
  His poet sack, the Household will not pay ?
Are they so scanted in their store ? or driven
  For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay ?
Well, they should know him, would the King but grant
  His poet leave to sing his Household true ;
He'd frame such ditties of their store and want,
  Would make the very Greencloth to look blue ;
And rather wish in their expense of sack,
  So the allowance from the King to use,
As the old bard should no canary lack ;
  'Twere better spare a butt than spill his muse.
For in the genius of a poet's verse,
The King's fame lives. Go now, deny his tierce !

Ben Jonson.

On the Death of Pym.

When lately Pym descended into hell,
  Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called aloud to tell ;
  To whom a devil—" This is the Lower House."

William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Written on the Chamber Door of King Charles II.

Here lies the mutton-eating King,
  Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never said a foolish thing,
  Nor ever did a wise one.

Reply to the Above, Credited to Charles II.

If death could speak, the King would say,
  In justice to his crown,
His acts, they were his ministers',
  His words, they were his own !

On Charles II.

Of a tall stature and a sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew:
Ten years of need he suffered in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while.

Andrew Marvell.

On Blood's Stealing the Crown.

When daring Blood, his rent to have regained,
Upon the English diadem distrained;
He chose the cassock, surcingle and gown,
The fittest mark for one that robs the crown:
But his lay-pity underneath prevailed,
And, whilst he saved the keeper's life, he failed.
With the priest's vestment, had he put but on
The prelate's cruelty, the Crown had gone.

Andrew Marvell.

On Tonson's Illustrated "Æneid," in which the Hero was made to look like William III.

Old Jacob by deep judgment swayed,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.
To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking—
One took his father pick-a-back,
And t'other sent his packing.

On the Statue of King George I being placed on the top of Bloomsbury Church.

The King of Great Britain was reckoned before,
The head of the church by all Protestant people;
His Bloomsbury subjects have made him still more,
For with them he is now made the head of the steeple.

On a Regiment Being Sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge by George I, in 1715.

I

The King, observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Joseph Trapp.

II

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

Sir William Browne.

On the Kit-Cat Club, 1716.

Whence deathless Kit-Cat took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some say from Cat and Fiddle.
From no trim beaus its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen, or green wits;
But from this Pall-Mall pack of toasts
Of old Cats and young Kits.

On George II and Colley Cibber.

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign,
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature formed the poet for the King.

Samuel Johnson.

On the Young Pretender Landing in Scotland, 1745.

Pretender in the Isle of Egg!
Why then we must be watching:
For, is it not too plain, I beg,
Some mischief is a-hatching.
And mischief, if you let it hatch,
Is difficult to quell—
A faction therefore you should watch,
And crush it in the shell.

On Seeing the Workmen Employed upon the Preparations for the Fire-works in the Green Park on Sunday last—Dies Solis, non Sabbati (*c.* 1748).

Freed from the toils of war and long distress,
Her bliss increasing, though her merit less,
Ungrateful Britain! scarce the tempest o'er,
But of the hand that stilled it thinks no more.
From her once favourite Isle Religion's fled,
And we again in heathen footsteps tread;
Like the poor Persians, we no more aspire,
Sunk from the God of Heaven to serve the god of Fire.

On Frederick Prince of Wales.

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another,
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT, 1772.

Quoth Dick to Tom : " This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive ;
To take the crown at eighteen years—
The wife at twenty-five.
The mystery how shall we explain ?
For sure, as Dowdeswell said,
Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed."
Quoth Tom to Dick, " Thou art a fool,
And little know'st of life—
Alas ! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife ! "

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

Ye hypocrites ! are these your pranks,
To murder men, and gie God thanks ?
For shame ! gie o'er, proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murther !

Robert Burns.

ON PITT AND DUNDAS GOING TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS DRUNK. (Porson is credited with having made one hundred and one epigrams on this event in a single evening.)

When Billy found he scarce could stand
" Help, help," he cried, and stretched his hand,
To faithful Henry calling :
Quoth Hal, " My friend, I'm sorry for 't ;
'Tis not my practice to support
A minister that's falling."

Richard Porson.

On the Creation of Paper Money.

Of Augustus and Rome the poets still warble
That he found it of brick and left it of marble ;
So of Pitt and of England, they say, without vapour,
That he found it of gold and he left it of paper.

On Pitt's Reduction of the Duty on Port.

Firm and erect the Caledonian stood ;
Prime was his mutton, and his claret good ;
" Let him drink port," an English statesman cried.
He drank the poison and his spirit died.

John Home.

Transported.

[From the Prologue to the first play produced on the opening of the first theatre in Australia. This prologue was written by the " genteel pickpocket," who, transported for seven years in 1790, received in 1792 the first warrant of emancipation ever issued.]

From distant climes, o'er widespread seas, we come,
Though not with much éclat or beat of drum ;
True patriots we, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country's weal ;
And none will doubt, but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.

George Barrington.

On the Duchess of Devonshire Canvassing for Mr. Fox.

Arrayed in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part :
But, oh ! where'er the pilferer comes—beware !
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart.

A Hint to Premiers and First Consuls, 1801.

Three truths should make thee often think and pause:
The first is, that thou governst over men;
The second, that thy power is from the laws;
And this the third, that thou must die! and then?—

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

On the Union, 1801.

Why should we complain that the times are so bad,
Pursuing a querulous strain,
When Erin gives up all the rights that she had
What right has she left to complain?

On the Disappointment of the Whig Associates of the Prince Regent at not Obtaining Office.

Ye politicians, tell me, pray,
Why thus with woe and care rent?
This is the worst that you can say:
"Some wind has blown the wig away,
And left the Hair Apparent."

Charles Lamb.

On Napoleon's Escape from Elba.

Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making balls for the ladies, and bows to his foes.

Lord Byron.

On the Congress at Vienna, 1814-15.

In cutting and dealing, and playing their cards,
Revoking and shuffling for tricks and rewards,
The kings have been changed into knaves, and the rest
Of the honours have either been lost or suppressed.

ON THE EARL OF CHATHAM AND SIR RICHARD STRACHAN, LEADERS OF THE UNFORTUNATE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION, 1809.

Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Kept waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Kept waiting too; for whom? Lord Chatham.

Joseph Jekyll.

FOR A TRANSPARENCY EXHIBITED AT BRISTOL ON "PROCLAMATION DAY," JUNE 29, 1814.

We've fought for Peace, and conquered it at last,
The rav'ning vulture's leg seems fettered fast!
Britons rejoice! and yet be wary too:
The chain may break, the clipt wing sprout anew.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

ON HEARING THAT NAPOLEON'S SPURS HAD BEEN FOUND IN THE IMPERIAL CARRIAGE AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

These Napoleon left behind,
Flying swifter than the wind;
Needless to him when buckled on,
Wanting no spur but Wellington.

Lord Erskine.

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!
Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles.

Lord Byron.

ON NAPOLEON'S STATUE AT BOULOGNE.

Upon its lofty column's stand
Napoleon takes his place :
His back still turned upon that land
That never saw his face.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD CASTLEREAGH, 1822.

i

Oh, Castlereagh ! thou art a patriot now ;
Cato died for his country, so didst thou ;
He perished rather than see Rome enslaved,
Thou cutt'st thy throat that Britain may be saved !

ii

So Castlereagh has cut his throat ! the worst
Of this is—that his own was not the first.

iii

So he has cut his throat at last ! He ! Who ?
The man who cut his country's long ago.

Lord Byron.

ON THE PRINCE REGENT BEING SEEN AS HE STOOD BETWEEN THE COFFINS OF HENRY VIII AND CHARLES I IN THE ROYAL VAULT AT WINDSOR.

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies ;
Between them stands another sceptred thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king ;
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
—In him the double tyrant starts to life ;
Justice and death have mixed their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah ! what can tombs avail, since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both to mould a George !

Lord Byron.

THE LIKENESS ESTABLISHED.

Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh ?

Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood !

Thomas Moore.

THE GEORGES.

George the First was always reckoned
Vile, but viler George the Second ;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third ?
When from earth the Fourth descended
God be praised, the Georges ended !

W. S. Landor.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

GEORGE I

He preferred Hanover to England ;
He preferred two hideous mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent wife.
He hated arts and despised literature ;
But he liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a minister ;
Consistent in his preference for every kind of corruption.

GEORGE II

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife, and I hated my son ;
My spending was small, and my avarice much ;
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch ;

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench;
I butchered the Scotch and I bearded the French;
I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.
Here set up my statue, and make it complete
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

George III

Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuosest king the realm e'er knew.
I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food, and a plain wife.
Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.
My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.
When all the kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon;
Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for old England and old George:
I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.
Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the king in Europe like to me?
Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued kings and emperors.
But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that kings found refuge at my knee?
I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bowed.
The rescued kings came kiss my garment's hem:
The rescued kings I never heeded them.
My guns roared triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.
What care had I of pomp, of fame, of power,—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

George IV

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by man or woman,
And was as false to his mistress as to his wife.
He deserted his friends and his principles.
He was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell;
But he had some skill in cutting out coats,
And an undeniable taste for cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
And for these qualities and proofs of genius,
An admiring aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the king whose statue is here,
And the generous aristocracy who admired him.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

On a Royal Demise.

How monarchs die is easily explained,
And thus it might upon the tomb be chiselled,
"As long as George the Fourth could reign he reigned,
And then he mizzled."

Thomas Hood.

On the Queen, 1838.

Victoria's sceptre o'er the deep
Has touched and broken slavery's chain;
Yet, strange magician! she enslaves
Our hearts within her own domain.
Her spirit is devout, and burns
With thoughts adverse to bigotry;
Yet she herself, the idol, turns
Our thoughts into idolatry.

Thomas Campbell.

To the United States of America, 1838.

United States, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame;
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.
Your banner's constellation types
White freedom with its stars;
But what's the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars.

Thomas Campbell.

On a Late Immersion: The Prince Consort.

Long life and hard frosts to the fortunate Prince!
And for many a skating may Providence spare him!
For surely his accident served to evince
That the Queen dearly loved, tho' the ice could not bear him!

Thomas Hood.

Attempts on the Life of Queen Victoria.

Three traitors, Oxford—Francis—Bean,
Have missed their wicked aim;
And may all shots against the Queen
In future do the same.
For why, I mean no turn of wit,
But seriously insist
That if her Majesty were hit
No one would be so missed.

Thomas Hood.

Upon the Duke of Buckingham's Moderate Reform Bill.

For Buckingham to hope to pit
His Bill against Lord Grey's is idle!
Reform, when offered bit by bit,
Is but intended for a bridle.

ON COLONELS SIBTHORPE, PERCIVAL, AND VERNER.

Three colonels, in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn.
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go—
To beard the first, she shaved the other two.

Daniel O'Connell.

THE OATH.

God's laws declare
Thou shalt not swear
By aught in heaven above or earth below.
"Upon my honour!" Melville cries;
He swears, and lies;
Does Melville then break God's commandment? No.

Walter Savage Landor.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, 1863.

Had all the Danes of ancient days
Been such a Dane as this is,
No English hand had raised a brand!
But thought surrendering up the land
The most supreme of blisses.

AFTER THE REJECTION OF W. E. GLADSTONE FROM LANCASHIRE IN 1868, LORD DUFFERIN WAS NOMINATED CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY.

The Tory squires of Lancashire
Are justly punished for their sin;
The county put a Gladstone out,
The Duchy's got a Dufferin.

J. E. Thorold Rogers.

THE CRIMEAN HEROES.

Hail, ye indomitable heroes, hail!
Despite of all your generals, ye prevail.

Walter Savage Landor.

OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

"Do this," cries one side of St. Stephen's great hall,
"Do just the reverse," the minority bawl:
As each has obtained, or desires to obtain,
Or envies the station he wished for in vain.
And what is the end of this mighty tongue-war?
—Nothing's done for the State—till the State is done for

Samuel Bishop.

ON SEEING THE WORDS "DOMUS ULTIMA" INSCRIBED ON THE VAULT BELONGING TO THE DUKES OF RICHMOND IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Did he, who thus inscribed this wall,
Not read, or not believe, St. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands?
Or shall we gather from these words,
That house is not a House of Lords?

William Clarke.

ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

To wonder now at Balaam's ass is weak;
Is there a day that asses do not speak?

AN ASPIRATION.

O that there might in England be
A duty on Hypocrisy,
A tax on humbug, an excise
On solemn plausibilities.

Henry Luttrell.

Diversity of Dictionaries.

In the dictionary of words, as our Johnson affirms,
Purse and budget are nearly synonymous terms ;
But perhaps upon earth there's no contrast so great,
As Budget and Purse, in the dictionary of state :—
The minister's language all language reverses
For filling his Budget is emptying our purses.

Contented Ireland.

Ireland never was contented . . .
Say you so ? you are demented.
Ireland was contented when
All could use the tongue and pen,
And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,
And about her courts were seen
Liveried Angels robed in green,
Wearing by St. Patrick's bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.

Walter Savage Landor.

Conservative Logic.

" Taxes are equal, is a dogma which
I'll prove at once " exclaimed a Tory boor ;
" Taxation hardly presses on the rich,
And likewise presses hardly on the poor."

On Trades Unions.

What is a Unionist ? One who has yearnings
For an equal division of unequal earnings ;
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

Ebenezer Elliot.

On Parliament.

This long word comes only from *parler*, to speak,
As best etymologists trace;
So you see all is *parle*, and nothing is meant—
Too often the truth of the case.

On Consistency.

Though George, with respect to the wrong and the right,
Is of twenty opinions 'twixt morning and night;
If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man;
He's the pink of consistency, on his own plan,
While to stick to the strongest is always his trim;
'Tis not he changes side, 'tis the side changes him.

Samuel Bishop.

To an Usurper.

Usurpers are the giddy factions' tools,
They know not what they're doing;
Chose not because of parts, but that they're fools,
And smell not what the world's a-brewing.
Poor thoughtless Thing! how bitter is thy cup!
How tottering is thy empty crown!
Despised alike by those who set thee up,
And those who strive to pull thee down.

Alexander Robertson of Struan.

On Any Late War.

Whene'er contending parties fight,
For private pique or public right;
Armies are raised, the fleets are manned,
They combat both by sea and land.
When, after many battles past,
Both, tired with blows, make peace at last;
What is it, after all, they get?
Why, widows, taxes, wooden legs, and debt!

On Treason.

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

Sir John Harington.

On a Pugilist being returned Member of Parliament for Pontefract.

Strange is it, proud Pontefract's borough should sully
It's fame by returning to Parliament Gully;
The etymological cause, I suppose, is
His breaking the bridges of so many noses.

Horace Smith.

On Politics.

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

Robert Burns.

To the Grumblers.

Our grumbling politicians cry,
Old England's basis stands awry—
Mend this, they say; mend that, mend t'other.
Spare, spare, good people, your concern;
Let this old England serve your turn—
Till you can show us such another.

MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

To-day and To-morrow: from the Greek.

With me the rosy goblet share,
With me enjoy the youthful hours,
With me caress the frolic fair,
With me compose the wreath of flowers!
Now drive with me dull thought away,
With me defiance bid to sorrow;
Be merry thou with me to-day,
And I'll be wise with thee to-morrow!

Written in His Bible.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Lord Byron.

Of the Golden Age.

Why "golden," when that age alone, we're told,
Was blessed with happy ignorance of gold?
More justly we our venal times might call
"The golden age," for gold is all in all.

The Game of Life.

Who has the better game still fears the end;
Who has the worst, still hopes his game will mend.

On the Caprices of Fortune: from the Arabic.

Why should I blush that Fortune's frown
  Dooms me life's humble paths to tread?
To live unheeded, and unknown?
  To sink forgotten to the dead?
'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,
  That surest shine, or highest rise;
The feather sports upon the wave,
  The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.
Each lesser star that studs the sphere
  Sparkles with undiminished light;
Dark and eclipsed alone appear
  The lord of day, the queen of night.

J. D. Carlyle.

An Endless Task.

Who seeks to please all men each way,
  And not himself offend;
He may begin his work to-day,
  But God knows when he'll end.

Of Trust and Distrust.

Who trusts in all with whom he deals
Inspires the confidence he feels;
But he who still suspects deceit
Tempts others in their turn to cheat.

Lord Holland.

Of Fortune.

When Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near;
Used to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And armed in virtue keep my soul prepared.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain but of her constancy.

George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne.

Of Court Life.

Who liveth in courts, must mark what they say;
Who liveth for ease, had better live away.

Sir John Harington.

To-morrow.

Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?
When young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Supreme Fortune Falls Soonest.

While leanest beasts in pastures feed,
The fattest ox the first must bleed.

Robert Herrick.

On a Sun-Dial near Florence: from the Latin.

Whether the heavens be foul or fair,
Midst summer suns and wintry showers,
Pleased and content my lot I bear,
And only note the brightest hours.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.

On Suicide: from Martial.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death, the brave lives on.

George Sewell.

EHEU FUGACES.

What Horace says is, *Eheu fugaces*
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!
Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!
Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,
Taglionis and Ellslers, Duvernays, and Ceritos,
Sighing I murmur, "*O mihi præteritos!*"

Richard Harris Barham.

TRUTH: FROM THE GERMAN.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

H. W. Longfellow.

LIFE: FROM THE RUSSIAN.

What is man's history? Born—living—dying,
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave—
Struggling with storm-winds, over shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave.

THE FINAL TEST.

When Death puts out our flame, the snuff will tell
If we were wax or tallow, by the smell.

ON LIFE: FROM THE GREEK.

Waking, we burst, at each return of morn,
From death's dull fetters and again are born;
No longer ours the moments that have past,
To a new remnant of our lives we haste.
Call not the years thine own that made thee gray,
That left their wrinkles and have fled away;
The past no more shall yield thee ill or good,
Gone to the silent times beyond the flood.

Robert Bland.

To Virtue.

Virtue we praise, but practise not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So many men do talk of Robin Hood
Who never yet shot arrow in his bow.

Thomas Freeman.

On Gambling.

To gild o'er avarice with a specious name,
To suffer torment while for sport you game,
Time to reverse, and order to defy,
To make your temper subject to a die,
To curse your fate for each unlucky throw,
Your reason, sense, and prudence to forego;
To call each power infernal to your part,
To sit with anxious eyes, and aching heart;
Your fortune, time, and health to throw away,
Is what our modern men of taste call play.

John Whaley.

On the Study of Astronomy: from the Greek of Ptolemy.

Though but the being of a day,
When I yon planet's course survey
This earth I then despise—
Near Jove's eternal throne I stand,
And quaff from an immortal hand
The nectar of the skies.

Philip Smyth.

On Hearing and Speaking.

Two ears and but a single tongue
By nature's laws to man belong;
The lesson she would teach is clear,
Repeat but half of what you hear.

ON A GAMING-HOUSE.

To this dark cave three gates pertain—
Hope, infamy, and death, we know:
'Tis by the first you entrance gain,—
By the last two alone you go.

OF LIFE: FROM THE LATIN OF JOHN OWEN.

To slothful men the day, night, month and year
Seem long, though posting on with swift career
We trifle out our long-thought time in vain;
Why of life's shortness do we then complain?

Thomas Harvey.

ON TRUTH.

I

Truth, they say, lies in a well;
A paradox, forsooth!
For if it lies, as people tell,
How can it then be truth?

II

Truth's in a well. To get it out
You'll find there's this impediment,
That if you blundering probe about
You'll stir up doubt—the sediment.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHIAS.

Thracians! who howl around an infant's birth,
And give the funeral hour to songs and mirth,
Well in your grief and gladness are expressed,
That life is labour, and that death is rest.

Robert Bland.

THE CYNIC'S WORLD.

'Tis a very good world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
But to beg or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known.

ON THE DEATH OF A MAN WHO HAD ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF DYING : FROM THE FRENCH.

Thrice happy Damon ! Fate has stopped his breath !
He's now delivered from the fear of death !

THE WISE AND THE UNWISE.

To love and to be loved the wise would give
All that for which alone the unwise live.

Walter Savage Landor.

ON HEARING IT SAID THAT WOMEN WERE OVERFOND OF JEWELS AND MEN OF THEIR CLUBS.

Thoughtless that all that's brightest fades,
Unmindful of that knave of spades,
The sexton and his subs,
How foolishly we play our parts !
Our wives on diamonds set their hearts,
We set our hearts on clubs.

Sydney Smith.

ON THOSE TRULY RICH.

They're richer who diminish their desires,
Though their possessions be not amplified,
Than monarchs, who, in owning large empires,
Have minds that never will be satisfied.
For he is poor that wants what he would have :
And rich who, having nought, doth nothing crave.

Sir Thomas Urquhart.

RETRIBUTION: FROM THE GERMAN.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

H. W. Longfellow.

ON HOPE.

I

The wretch, condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

Oliver Goldsmith.

II

Hope, heaven-born cherub, still appears
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower;
Her smile the threatening tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

TO-DAY: FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

Abraham Cowley.

THE WORLD.

I

The world's a book, writ by the eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart,
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penned,
And all the *errata* will appear at the end.

Francis Quarles.

II

The world's a printing house; our words are thoughts,
Our deeds are characters of several sizes;
Compositors the people, of whose faults
The parsons are correctors—Heaven revises:
Death is the common press, from whence being driven,
We're gathered and bound for either hell or heaven.

III

The world of fools has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass,
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
And even break his looking-glass.

From the French.

IV

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

Lord Byron.

V

This world is a well-furnished table,
Where guests are promiscuously set:
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get.

Thomas Love Peacock.

ALL THE WORLD A STAGE: FROM THE GREEK.

This life a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art;
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or play with dignity his tragic part.

TORTUOUS WAYS OF THE COURTIER.

The snake, tradition's tale avers,
Casts once a year his speckled skin;
Yet no improvement change infers—
'Tis still the self same snake within.
Too like the supple courtier trim,
Who turns and twists, occasion's slave;
'Tis change of sides, not change of him!
New Knavery—but the same old Knave!

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST.

I

This one sits shivering in Fortune's smile,
Taking his joy with bated, doubtful breath:
This other, gnawed by hunger, all the while
Laughs in the teeth of death.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

II

Two men looked through prison bars—
One saw mud, the other stars.

FORTUNE.

The various ills below content I'll bear,
Grant me, indulgent Heaven! this sole request:
Nor life to overprize, nor death to fear;
Let Fortune shuffle as she please the rest!

Samuel Boyse.

"But Men Loved Darkness Rather than Light."

The world's Light shines; shine as it will,
The world will love its darkness still.
I doubt though, when the world's in hell,
It will not love its darkness half so well.

Richard Crashaw.

On Vulgar Natures.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains:
Grasp it, like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with vulgar natures,
Use them kindly, they rebel,
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Aaron Hill.

Riches: from the Greek.

The riches of the mind alone are true;
All other wealth only more trouble brings.
To him the title of a rich man's due,
Who's able to make use of his good things.
But he whose mind on calculation dwells,
Intent on heaping money upon money;
He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,
Out of which others will extract the honey.

Matter for Pride.

That all from Adam first begun
Sure none, but Whiston, doubts;
And that his son, and his son's son,
Were ploughmen, clowns and louts—
Here lies the only difference now,
Some shot off late, some soon;
Your sires in the morning left the plough,
And ours in th' afternoon.

MANNERS MAKETH MAN: FROM THE LATIN OF SCALIGER.

The one clothed in velvet, the other in stuff,
The clown and the peer differ widely enough;
But in learning and manners, the dress of the mind,
The poor clown's not a whit the rich noble behind.

THE GARDENER'S RULE.

This gardener's rule applies to youth and age:
When young sow wild oats, but when old grow sage.

H. J. Byron.

FAME.

Ten thousand flakes about my windows blow,
Some falling and some rising, but all snow.
Scribblers and statesmen! are ye not just so?

Walter Savage Landor.

LINES UPON LINES.

Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou shalt see
The second ever follow thee.

ON HUMAN LIFE: FROM THE GREEK.

Tell me, all-judging Jove, if this be fair,
To make so short a life so full of care?

Richard Cumberland.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Some laugh, while others mourn;
Some toil, while others play;
One dies, and one is born:
So runs the world away.

Samuel Wesley.

On True Nobility.

That I was noble born, allow you must—
Chaste was my mother, and my father just.

On Time: from the Greek of Posidippas.

"Statue! your sculptor whence?" "From Sicyon's clime."
"His name?" "Lycippus." "Who art thou?" "I'm Time."
"On tip-toe why?" "I ever speed." "Why bind
Thy feet with wings?" "I leave the gale behind."
"What means that hour glass with his sands outrun?"
"That Time and Time's occasion waits for none."
"And why that forelock?" "'Tis that he may hold
Who meets me coming." "And behind why bald?"
"Me, once passed by, man never can regain,
He'll wish to have me, but he'll wish in vain!
Lo! Such am I, placed here before this shrine,
Stranger, for thee: to teach thee truth divine!"

On Death.

On death though wit is oft displayed,
No epigram could e'er be made;
Poets stop short, and lose their breath
When coming to the point of death!

A Reflection at Sea.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
  Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while—
  Then murmuring subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
  Rises on time's eventful sea;
And, having swelled a moment there,
  Thus melts into eternity!

Thomas Moore.

THOUGHT AND SPEECH.

I

Sweet Benjamin, since thou art young,
And hast not yet the use of tongue,
Make it thy slave while thou art free,
Imprison it lest it do thee.

John Hoskins.

II

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more,
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink:
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.

Henry Delaune.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY: FROM THE ARABIC.

I

On parent's knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live that, sinking to thy life's last sleep
Calm thou mays't smile while all around thee weep.

Sir William Jones.

II

When born,—in tears we saw thee drowned,
Whilst thine assembled friends around,
With smiles their joy confessed:
So live, that at thy parting hour,
They may the flood of sorrow pour,
And thou in smiles be dressed.

J. D. Carlyle.

BORROWING: FROM THE FRENCH.

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

HERI, CRAS, HODIE.

Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between:
Future or Past no richer secret folds,
O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY: FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.

That thou may'st injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee!

William Cowper.

THE BEST MEDICINE: FROM THE GERMAN.

Joy and temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE IRONY OF THINGS: FROM THE GREEK.

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes
Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour;
Who nought enjoyed while young, denied the means;
And nought when old enjoyed, denied the power.

William Cowper.

WHAT IS HONOUR?

Not to be captious, not unjustly fight,
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

INGRATITUDE.

Our God and soldier we alike adore
Just at the brink of ruin, not before:
The danger past, both are alike requited;
God is forgotten, and the soldier slighted.

Thomas Jordan.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP: FROM THE LATIN.

O sleep, of death although the image true,
Much I desire to share my bed with you.
O come and tarry, for, how sweet to lie
Thus without life, thus without death to die.

Thomas Warton.

ON FORTUNE.

No, not for those of woman born,
Not so unlike the die is cast;
For, after all our vaunt and scorn,
How very small the odds at last!
Him raised to Fortune's utmost top
With him beneath her feet compare;
And one has nothing more to hope,
The other nothing more to fear.

Samuel Wesley.

ON A SUN-DIAL IN THE CHURCHYARD AT THORNBY.

Mark well my shade and seriously attend
The silent lesson of a common friend—
Since time and life speed hastily away,
And neither can recall the former day,
Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis past,
And know, each fleeting hour may be thy last.

Nathaniel Cotton.

LIFE'S BREVITY.

Man's life's a vapour,
And full of woes;
He cuts a caper,
And down he goes.

DIOGENES TO ARISTIPPUS.

Cloyed with ragouts you scorn my simple food,
And think good eating is man's only good;
I ask no more than temperance can give;
You live to eat, I only eat to live.

Richard Graves.

ON CHARITY.

It is the duty of a man
To bless his greatest foe,
And shield the arm that late was raised
To work his direst woe.
Just so the scented sandal-tree,
In all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the axe that lays it low
A sweet and rich perfume.

ON A CONTENTED MIND.

I want, and stand in need of Crœsus' store;
Yet I than he that hath the most, have more;
I subject am to grief and sad annoy,
Yet never felt I scarcity in joy:
He that is blest with true content of mind,
No want of wealth, no misery can find.

Joseph Martyn.

AFFLICTIONS BENEFICIAL.

It is not for our good in ease to rest;
Man, like to cassia, when bruised is best.

Samuel Sheppard.

THE WAY OF THE WISE.

For every ill beneath the sun,
There is some remedy, or none.
Should there be one, resolve to find it;
If not, submit, and never mind it.

SIN: FROM THE GERMAN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

H. W. Longfellow.

OF TRUE RICHES.

Irus, though wanting gold and lands,
Lives cheerful, easy, and content;
Corvus, a wretch, with many hands
Employed to count his yearly rent.
Sages of Lombard! tell me which
Of these you think possesses more.
One with his poverty is rich,
The other with his wealth is poor.

THE CARES OF MAN: FROM THE ITALIAN.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now!

MAN'S LIFE.

In His own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quickened thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever marked with shade!

Walter Savage Landor.

AMBITION.

In ways to greatness, think on this,
That slippery all ambition is.

Robert Herrick.

BY A DARWINIAN.

How is it that men have so little grace,
When a great man's found to be bad and base,
That they chuckle and chatter and mock ?
We come from apes—and are far removed—
But rejoice when a bigger brother has proved
That he springs from the common stock.

Lord Tennyson.

WE WHO FELL: AFTER THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

If noble death be cause of noblest pride
Fortune this boon has granted to our name :
Our country called—to keep her free we died ;
Happy in death to have undying fame.

Walter Jerrold.

OF GOOD AND EVIL.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains ;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

George Herbert.

ON FEAR.

If evil come not, then our fears are vain ;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

Sir Thomas More.

ON LIFE.

If breath were made for every man to buy
The poor man could not live, rich would not die.

Sir Henry Wotton.

On Life as a Bumper of Punch.

Hence, restless care and low design!
Hence, foreign compliments and wine;
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper, filled by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat,
Where strong, insipid, sharp and sweet,
Each other duly tempering meet.
Awhile with joy the scene is crowned,
Awhile the catch and toast go round;
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.
Say then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body, or the mind,
What harm in drinking can there be,
When punch and life so well agree?

On a Bee, Stifled in Honey.

From flower to flower, with eager pains,
See the blest, busy labourer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is, in the sweets she hoards, to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each favourite joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

To-day: from the Greek.

Cease from thy cares and toils, be sweetly gay,
And drink—to-morrow is a distant day:
Improve on time; to bliss each moment give;
Not to enjoy this life is not to live:
Our goods are now our own, but when we die
They come to others while in dust we lie,
And then, alas! have nothing to enjoy.

ON FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many;
But yet she never gave enough to any.

Sir John Harington.

ON MOURNING: FROM THE GREEK.

Cease, mourners, cease complaint, and weep no more!
Your lost friends are not dead, but gone before,
Advanced a stage or two upon that road
Which you must travel in the steps they trode;
In the same inn we all shall meet at last,
There take new life and laugh at sorrows past.

Richard Cumberland.

SELF-REVEALED.

Each Bond Street buck conceits, unhappy elf!
He shews his clothes! Alas! he shews himself.
O that they knew, these overdressed self-lovers,
What hides the body oft the mind discovers.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE: FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death, with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
The day of resurrection!

William Cowper.

ON SLEEP: FROM THE LATIN OF WARTON.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die.

John Wolcot.

DANGER OF DELAYED REPENTANCE.

Cheat not yourselves as most: who then prepare
For death, when life is almost turned to fume.
One thief was saved, that no man might despair;
And but one thief that no man might presume.

Henry Delaune.

ON LIFE.

Circles are praised, not that abound
In largeness but exactly round;
So life we praise, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

Edmund Waller.

ON SCANDAL.

Believe not each aspersing tongue,
As some weak persons do;
But always feel that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS: FROM THE GERMAN.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

H. W. Longfellow.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE: FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

Antonius is arrived at seventy-five,
With all the ease and comfort life can give;
Safe from the voyage of a length of years,
Looks back with joy; nor death approaching fears.
Not one of all his days can irksome find;
Not one but he with pleasure calls to mind.
Thus a good man prolongs his mortal date;
Lives twice enjoying thus his former state.

William Hay.

ON ANTICIPATING EVIL.

And why so stupid as to lend an ear
To false alarums of amazing fear?
If evil come not, then our fears are vain;
And if they do, dread will increase the pain.

Sir Thomas More.

LEARNING AND DRESS.

Adorn not more your body than your brain;
Lest that this emblem in your teeth be flung,
That you resemble houses, which remain
With empty garrets though the rooms be hung.

Henry Delaune.

THE ROSE.

A rose that breathes its soul out on the tree,
Living its life, gives more delight to me
Than would a thousand gathered in a room
That faint in death to give their last perfume.

Gerald Massey.

OLD AGE: FROM THE GREEK.

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,—
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resigned to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays;
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

Richard Cumberland.

TO YOUTH.

Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may;
The morrow's life too late is, live to-day.

Robert Herrick.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

After careful meditation,
And profound deliberation,
On the various pretty projects which have just been shown,
Not a scheme in agitation,
For the world's amelioration,
Has a grain of common sense in it, except my own.

Thomas Love Peacock.

THE RESTLESS HEART: FROM THE GERMAN.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind they must themselves be ground.

H. W. Longfellow.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A little stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art;
'Tis mean to rob a hen roost, or a hen,
But stealing thousands makes us gentlemen.

ON THE DECAY OF ALL THINGS.

All things decay with time: the forest sees
The growth and downfall of her aged trees;
That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood:
I mean the sovereign of all plants, the oak,
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

Robert Herrick.

THE WAY OF HAPPINESS.

"Bear and forbear," thus preach the stoic sages,
And in two words include the sense of pages:
With patience bear life's certain ills; and oh!
Forbear those pleasures that must end in woe.

LIFE.

A train of gay and clouded days,
Dappled with joy and grief and praise,
Beauty to fire us, saints to save,
Escort us to a little grave.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

ON MAN.

At ten a child; at twenty wild;
At thirty tame,—if ever;
At forty wise; at fifty rich;
At sixty good,—or never.

PULEX IRRITANS.

Big fleas have little fleas to plague, perplex, and bite 'em,
Little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum.*

Richard R. Fielder.

THE POMP OF HERALDRY.

A roll of parchment Clunn about him bears,
Charged with the arms of all his ancestors;
And seems half ravished when he looks upon
That bar, this bend, that fess, this cheveron;
This manch, that moon, this martlet and that mound;
This counterchange of pearl and diamond.
What joy can Clunn have in that coat or this,
Whenas his own still out at elbows is?

Robert Herrick.

THE FEAR OF DEATH: FROM THE GREEK OF LUCILLIUS.

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

William Cowper.

WISDOM: FROM THE GREEK.

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test;
And he's of men most wise who bears them best.

Richard Cumberland.

ON FORTUNE.

Bad fortune is a fancy; she is just:
Gives the poor hope, and sends the rich distrust.

TO-DAY IS OURS: FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crowned with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

Abraham Cowley.

FORBEARANCE.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behaviour,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

VALE.

Death's due demanded and Life's task achieved,
I greet the home I sought not nor did shun :
Thankful for the great good I have received,
More thankful for the little I have done.

Richard Garnett.

THE WAY OF WISDOM : AN IMITATION.

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell,
What is bliss, and which the way ?
Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear,
When the smiling sage replied—
" Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

Samuel Johnson.

FUTURE GLORY.

Faith, Hope and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which religion taught :
Now Faith believed it to be firmly true,
And Hope expected so to find it too ;
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
" Believe ? Expect ? I know it to be so."

John Wesley.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

Should I seek Hymen's tie,
As a poet I die—
Ye Benedicks, mourn my distresses !
For what little fame
Is annexed to my name
Is derived from " Rejected Addresses."

James Smith.

LOVERS AND FRIENDS.

How often, when life's summer day
Is waning, and its sun descends,
Wisdom drives laughing wit away,
And lovers shrivel into friends!

Walter Savage Landor.

POWER—AND ITS ABUSE.

How great thy might let none by mischief know
But what thou canst by acts of kindness show:
A power to hurt is no such noble thing;
The toad can poison, and the serpent sting.

THE POWER OF TIME.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry;
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine.

Jonathan Swift.

TO HIS BED: FROM THE FRENCH OF ISAAC DE BENSERADE.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss and human woe.

Samuel Johnson.

SILENCE AND SPEECH.

"I hardly ever ope my lips," one cries;
"Simonides, what think you of my rule?"
"If you're a fool, I think you're very wise;
If you are wise, I think you are a fool."

Richard Garnett.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Impatient of his childhood,
" Ah me ! " exclaims young Arthur,
While roving in the wild wood,
" I wish I were my father ! "
Meanwhile, to see his Arthur
So skip, and play, and run,
" Ah me ! " exclaims his father,
" I wish I were my son ! "

Thomas Hood.

LIFE'S END.

i

I strove with none ; for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art ;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks and I am ready to depart.

ii

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear :
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

iii

Various the roads of life ; in one
All terminate ; one lonely way.
We go ; and " Is he gone ? "
Is all our best friends say.

Walter Savage Landor.

CONTENTMENT EASILY OBTAINED.

Let this plain truth those ingrates strike
Who still, though blessed, new blessings crave :
That we may all have what we like,
Simply by liking what we have.

Horace Smith.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

I

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
  Choose thine own time
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

II

In travel, pilgrims do oft ask, and know,
What miles they've gone, and what they have to go,
Their way is tedious, and their limbs oppressed,
And their desire is to be at rest.
In life's more tedious journey, man delays
T'enquire out the number of his days:
He cares, not he, how slow his hours spend,
The journey's better than the journey's end.

ON HIS FAMILY MOTTO: DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord! in my view let both united be,—
I live in pleasure when I live in Thee.

Philip Doddridge.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

Bold thief, indeed! that steals, before his face,
The man away, and leaves a beast in's place.

NEW-MADE HONOUR: IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

A friend I met, some half-hour since—
"Good morrow, Jack," quoth I;
The new-made Knight, like any Prince,
Frowned, nodded and passed by;
When up came Jem—"Sir John, your slave!"
"Ah, James; we dine at eight—
Fail not—(low bows the supple knave)
Don't make my lady wait."
The King can do no wrong? As I'm a sinner,
He's spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

Richard Harris Barham.

A HINT TO GAMESTERS.

Accept this advice, you who sit down to play—
The best throw of the dice is to throw them away.

THE STAGE OF LIFE.

Our life's a journey on a winter's day:
Some only break their fast, and so away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;
The longest age but sups, and goes to bed.
He's most in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes has all the less to pay.

Thomas Brown.

OF LIFE: IN IMITATION OF HERRICK.

Live, I, to-day,
Happy and gay,
But with the morrow
Age bringeth sorrow.
Then comes unfailing death,
Stoppeth my fleeting breath,
And 'neath the earth there just
Lie a few bones and dust.

Walter Jerrold.

THE TRANSFORMATION: FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

A drop of amber, from the weeping plant,
Fell, unexpected, and embalmed an ant:
The little insect we so much contemn
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem.

ON A GAME OF CHESS: FROM THE GREEK.

These toys can, to a thinking mind,
The varying face of fortune show;
Life's mimic picture here we find,
Where mixed with shades bright colours glow.
That man an equal fame obtains
Who or in life, or here at chess,
Still master of himself, disdains
Of grief, or joy, the mad excess.

OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

On Homer: from the Greek.

I

Still in our ears Andromache complains
And still in view the fate of Rome remains;
Still Ajax fights; still Hector's dragged along;
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song;
Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born.

II

Sooner shall heaven put out its starry light,
The sun with noon-day splendour deck the night;
Sooner the salt sea taste, like fountains, sweet,
Or to the living turn the dead their feet,
Than shall oblivion seize on Homer's name,
And of the page of old destroy the fame.

On Homer.

I

Homer, though blind, yet saw with his soul's eye
The secrets hid in deep'st philosophy,
Who while he sang the gods, deserved to be
Himself adorèd as a deity.

Samuel Sheppard.

II

Who first transcribed the famous Trojan war,
And wise Ulysses' acts, O Jove, make known;
For since 'tis certain thine those poems are,
No more let Homer boast them for his own.

III

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

On Plutarch: from the Greek.

Wise, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise,
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise;
For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shared,
Their heroes written, and their lives compared.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives had parallels—but thine had none.

John Dryden.

To Severus: from the Latin of Pannonius.

A learned work, Severus, where you teach
To spurn vain glory, though within our reach:
But if 'tis really vain, as you have said,
Why in the title is your name displayed,
With rich vermilion more conspicuous made?

On the Droeshout Portrait of Shakespeare.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.
Wherewith the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life.
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass!
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

Ben Jonson.

On Shakespeare.

I

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did please Eliza and our James.

Ben Jonson.

II

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star y-pointing pyramid!
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
These Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

John Milton.

III

A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Called into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

Charles Churchill.

To Edward Alleyn.

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Feared not to boast the glories of her stage,
As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,
Yet crowned with honours, as with riches, then;
Who had no less a trumpet of their name
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame:
How can so good example die in me,
That, Alleyn, I should pause to publish thee!
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Out-stript, than they did all that went before:
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown. 'Tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

Ben Jonson.

Inscription for an Oak in Penshurst Park, planted on the day on which Sir Philip Sidney was Born.

Stranger, kneel here! to age due homage pay!
When great Eliza held Britannia's sway
My growth began—the same illustrious morn,
Joy to the hour! saw gallant Sidney born;
Sidney, the darling of Arcadia's swains!
Sidney, the terror of the martial plains!
He perished early; I just stay behind
An hundred years, and lo! my clefted rind,
My withered boughs, foretell destruction nigh;
We all are mortal; oaks and heroes die.

Francis Coventry.

On Cowley and Killigrew.

Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
Combined in one, they'd made a matchless wit.

Sir John Denham.

ON MILTON.

I

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she joined the other two.

John Dryden.

II

Greece boasts her Homer, Rome her Virgil's name,
But England's Milton vies with both in fame.

From the Latin of Selvaggi.

ON THE ERECTION OF BUTLER'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

While Butler, needy wretch ! was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust !
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown :
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

Samuel Wesley.

ON STEPHEN DUCK, THE THRESHER AND POET.

The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says " no fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains ;
For which her majesty allows him grains :
Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw !
Thrice happy Duck, employed in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessened, and thy profits double.

Jonathan Swift.

Occasioned by the words "One Prior" in Bishop Burnet's History.

"One Prior!" and is this, this all the fame
The poet from the historian can claim?
No! Prior's verse posterity shall quote
When 'tis forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

Robert Dodsley.

On Carthy's Translation of Homer.

i

Once Horace fancied, from a man
He was transformèd to a swan,
But Carthy, as from him thou learnest,
Has made the man a goose in earnest.

ii

What Midas touched became true gold, but then
Gold becomes lead touched lightly by thy pen.

Jonathan Swift.

To Alexander Pope.

Thy wit in vain the feeble critic gnaws;
While the hard metal breaks the serpent's jaws.
Grieve not, my friend, that spite and brutal rage
At once thy person and thy muse engage:
Our virtues only from ourselves can flow,
Health, strength and beauty, to blind chance we owe.
But Heaven, indulgent to thy nobler part,
In thy fair mind expressed the nicest art:
Nature too busy to regard the whole,
Forgets the body to adorn the soul.

Bevil Higgons.

To Mr. Pope, on his Translation of Homer.

I

So much, dear Pope, thy English "Iliad" charms,
Where pity melts us, or where passion warms,
That after ages shall with wonder seek,
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

II

Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say
Broome went before and kindly swept the way.

John Henley.

The Triumvirate of Poets.

Britain with Greece and Rome contended long
For lofty genius and poetic song,
Till this Augustan age with three was blest,
To fix the prize and finish the contest.
In Addison, immortal Virgil reigns:
So pure his numbers, so refined his strains;
Of nature full, with more impetuous heat,
In Prior Horace shines, sublimely great;
Thy country, Homer, we dispute no more,
For Pope has fixed it to his native shore.

Elizabeth Tollet.

On the Frontispiece to Pope's "Dunciad."

Pallas for wisdom prized her favourite owl,
Pope for its dulness chose the self same fowl:
Which shall we choose, or which shall we despise?
If Pope is witty, Pallas is not wise.

The Last Word.

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for by God I'll write prose.
Poor Colley! thy reasoning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

On Theobald's Edition of Shakespeare.

'Tis generous, Theobald, in thee and thy brothers,
To help us thus to read the works of others:
Never for this can just return be shown;
For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

The Judgment of Apollo, or the Controversy between Pope and Theobald, 1729.

In Pope's melodious verse the Graces smile;
In Theobald is displayed sagacious toil;
The critics' ivy crowns his subtle brow,
While in Pope's numbers wit and music flow.
These bards (so Fortune willed) were mortal foes,
And all Parnassus in their quarrel rose.
This the dire cause of their unbounded rage,
Who best could blanch dark Shakespeare's blotted page
Apollo heard, and weighed each party's plea,
Then thus pronounced th' immutable decree:
"Theobald, 'tis thine to show what Shakespeare writ;
But Pope shall reign supreme in poetry and wit."

William Duncombe.

On Jonathan Swift's Writings.

Athens called Sophocles her bee, to show
His strains did with a honied sweetness flow;
Name Swift the bee, and let the title tell,
His strains in honey and in stings excel.

On Hannah Cowley's Tragedy, "The Fall of Sparta."

Ingenious Cowley! while we viewed
Of Sparta's sons the lot severe,
We caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear!

William Parsons.

On a Full-length Portrait of Beau Nash, placed between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Pope in the Rooms at Bath.

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find :
Nor Pope himself e'er penned a joke
More cruel on mankind.
The picture, placed the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength :
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.

Earl of Chesterfield.

On Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa."

This work is Nature's ; every tittle in't,
She wrote, and gave it Richardson to print.

David Graham.

On Samuel Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

Yon ass in vain the flowery lawns invite ;
To mumble thistles his supreme delight.
Such is the critic, who, with wayward pride,
To Blackmore gives the praise to Pope denied ;
Wakes Yalden's embers, joys in Pomfret's lay,
But sickens at the heaven-strung lyre of Gay.

On Dr. Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery.

Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us ?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us ?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books ?
Heaven sends us good meat—but the devil sends cooks.

On Johnson's Dictionary, 1755.

Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance
That one British soldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men:
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compared to Locke, Newton and Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,
Their verse-men, and prose-men; then match them with ours!
First Shakespeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And Johnson, well-armed, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French,* and will beat forty more.

David Garrick.

On the Death of Samuel Foote.

Foote from this earthly stage, alas! is hurled;
Death took him off who took off all the world.

On Malone, the Editor of Shakespeare, causing the Poet's Bust to be painted white.

Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone;
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone as he marred his plays.

General Fitzpatrick.

* The forty members of the French Academy engaged for many years in compiling the dictionary of their language.

On John Gay.

When Fame did o'er the spacious plain
The lays she once had learned repeat;
Or listened to the tuneful strain,
And wondered who could sing so sweet;
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
The Loves and Smiles composed the choir,
And Gay transcribed what Phœbus sung.

Sir Samuel Garth.

On Young's "Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality."

His life is lifeless, and his death shall die,
And mortal is his immortality.

Isaac Hawkins Browne.

Reply to a Clergyman who wrote a Philippic against the Poet's Lines on Stirling.

Like Æsop's lion Burns says, "Sore I feel
All others scorn—but damn that ass's heel."

Robert Burns.

Inscription under a Picture of the Editor of Shakespeare's Manuscripts, 1796.

Four Forgers* born in one prolific age,
Much critical acumen did engage,
The first was soon by doughty Douglas scared,
Though Johnson would have screened him, had he dared;
The next had all the cunning of a Scot;
The third invention, genius—nay, what not?
Fraud, now exhausted, only could dispense
To her fourth son their threefold impudence.

William Mason.

* Lauder, Macpherson, Chatterton and Ireland.

ON THE REFUSAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD TO SUBSCRIBE TO HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

Could Homer come himself, distressed and poor,
And tune his harp at Rhedicina's door,
The rich old vixen would exclaim (I fear)
Begone! no tramper gets a farthing here.

William Cowper.

ON GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.

Enthusiasts, Lutherans, and monks,
Jews, Syndics, Calvinists and punks,
Gibbon an atheist call;
While he, unhurt, in placid mood,
To prove himself a Christian good,
Kindly forgives them all.

ON HANNAH MORE'S DRESS CATCHING FIRE.

I

Vulcan to scorch thy dress in vain essays;
Apollo strives in vain to fire thy lays:
Hannah, the cause is visible enough—
Stuff are thy garments and thy writings stuff.

II

Clothed in his filth, lo! Epigram appears,
His face distorted with a thousand sneers;
But still the cause is visible enough—
The writer envies Hannah's lasting stuff.

ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, THE POET.

Bloomfield, thy happy omened name
Ensures continuance to thy fame;
Both sense and truth this verdict give,—
While *fields* shall *bloom* thy name shall live!

Kirke White.

To a Dramatist.

They say, O'Keefe,
Thou art a thief
That half thy works are stol'n, or more ;
I say, O'Keefe
Thou art no thief,
Such stuff was never writ before !

John Wolcot (" *Peter Pindar.*").

On Shelley's " Prometheus Unbound."

Shelley styles his new poem, " Prometheus Unbound,"
And 'tis like to remain so while time circles round ;
For surely an age would be spent in the finding
A reader so weak as to pay for the binding.

Theodore Hook.

John Keats.

Who killed John Keats ?
" I," says the Quarterly
So savage and tartarly ;
" 'Twas one of my feats."
Who shot the arrow ?
" The poet-priest Milman
(So ready to kill man),
Or Southey, or Barrow."

Lord Byron.

On the Death of Lord Byron.

God, wanting fire to give a million birth,
Took Byron's soul to animate their earth.

Douglas Jerrold.

On Sir Walter Scott's Poem of Waterloo.

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
Full many a gallant man lies slain ;
But none, by bullet or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

On Thomas Moore's Translation of Anacreon.

Oh! mourn not for Anacreon dead;
Oh! weep not for Anacreon fled;
The lyre still breathes he touched before,
For we have one Anacreon Moore.

Erskine.

On the Death of Sir Walter Scott.

Farewell, Sir Walter Scott, secured
From Time—our greatest of Indicters!
No author's fame's so well assured,
For all who wrote were Under-writers.

Thomas Hood.

To Robert Montgomery: Poeta Nascitur non fit.

His claim to the title of poet I scorn,
And empty I'll easily show it;
Whene'er he writes verses he cannot be borne,
And therefore he is not a poet.

On the Death of Samuel Rogers.

All Memory's Pleasures his choice book contains,
But leaves unsung its sufferings and its pains;
Death, the great teacher, the defect supplied,
And gave us Memory's Sorrows when he died.

Charles Townsend.

On a Summer House in the Grounds of Holland House.

Here Rogers* sat, and here for ever dwell
To me, those pleasures that he sings so well.

Henry, Lord Holland.

* Samuel Rogers.

ON READING THE DIARY OF LADY BURY.

i

That flesh is grass is now as clear as day,
To any but the merest purblind pup,
Death cuts it down, and then, to make her hay,
My Lady Bury comes and rakes it up.

ii

When I resign this world so briary,
To have across the Styx my ferrying,
O, may I die without a DIARY!
And be interned without a BURY-ing!

iii

The poor dear dead have been laid out in vain,
Turned into cash, they are laid out again!

Thomas Hood.

ON CHARLES DICKENS, WHOSE FIRST WORK WAS "SKETCHES BY BOZ."

Who the Dickens "Boz" could be
Puzzled many a learned elf;
Till time unveiled the mystery;
And "Boz" appeared as Dickens's self.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE (INSTEAD OF ART FOR ART—AND MAN'S SAKE.)

Art for Art's sake! Hail, truest Lord of Hell!
Hail Genius, Master of the Moral Will!
"The filthiest of all paintings painted well
Is mightier than the purest painted ill!"
Yes, mightier than the purest painted well,
So prone are we toward the broad way to Hell.

Lord Tennyson.

On Who Wrote Eikon Basilike.

"Who wrote Eikon Basilike?"
"I" said the Master of Trinity,
"I, with my little divinity,
I wrote 'Who wrote Eikon Basilike?'"

Of Anonymity.

A poem read without a name,
They justly praise, or justly blame:
For critics have no partial views
Except they know whom they abuse.

Jonathan Swift.

The Poets.

"A new commandment," said the smiling Muse,
"I give my darling son, 'Thou shalt not preach'";—
Luther, Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, grew pale,
And, on the instant, rosier clouds upbore
Hafiz and Shakespeare with their shining choirs.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A Little Learning.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

On the Death of a Distinguished Poet.

Arise, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For lo! the sun of verse is set.

Books—and Bindings.

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books, like beavers, only for their skin.

To Nisus.

How shall we please this age? If, in a song
We put above six lines they count it long;
If we contract it to an epigram,
As deep the dwarfish poetry they damn;
If we write plays, few see above an act,
And those lewd masks or noisy fops distract:
Let us write satire, then, and at our ease
Vex the ill-natured fools we cannot please.

Sir Charles Sedley.

Prose—and Poetry.

Charmed with a drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaimed with glee,—
"Potztausend! sare, if dis is Athol brose,
How good dere Athol boetry must be!"

Thomas Hood.

On "Difficult" Poetry.

Great thoughts in crude inadequate verse set forth,
Lose half their preciousness, and ever must.
Unless the diamond with its own rich dust
Be cut and polished, it seems little worth.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Of Indexes.

I

Half of your book is to an index grown;
You give your book *contents*, your reader none.

II

Saint Peter stopped, at the Celestial Gate,
A writer who had sought that way of late:
"No, Author, no, I cannot let you through it—
You wrote a 'Life' and put no index to it."

THE ANTI-CLASSICIST.

"I'll put down Latin," Blogg says, "for I hate it."
Blogg can't destroy, more than he can translate it.
"When Latin's settled, I will put down Greek too."
Does he know Homer?—Yes, but not to speak to.

James Hannay.

ON CRITICS.

I

In critics this country is rich;
In friendship and love, who can match 'em?
When writers are plagued with the itch,
They hasten most kindly to scratch 'em.

II

Damis, an author cold and weak,
Thinks as a critic he's divine;
Likely enough—we often make
Good vinegar of sorry wine.

TO A FACILE POETASTER.

Jem writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow
'Tis not the Arcadian swain that sings
But 'tis his herds that low.

William Shenstone.

Of Injudicious Biography.

"Lives" of great men oft remind us
As we o'er their pages turn,
That we too may leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

To Minerva.

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of song and ode and ballad—
So Thyrsis, take the midnight oil
And pour it on a lobster salad.
My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse or read—
Then, Pallas, take away thine owl,
And let us have a lark instead.

Thomas Hood.

On a Scribbler.

Scribbletonius, thy volumes whene'er we peruse
This idea they always instil;—
That you pilfered, felonious, the brains of a goose
When you robbed the poor bird of a quill.

A Character.

Sometimes to sense, sometimes to nonsense leaning;
But always blundering round about his meaning.

On Letters: from the French of Brebœuf.

The noble art from Cadmus took its rise
Of painting words and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wondrous magic-fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopped the flying sound;
The various figures by his pencil wrought
Gave colour, and a body to the thought.

Hon. Mary Monk.

AGAINST WRITERS THAT CARP AT OTHER MEN'S BOOKS; FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Sir John Harington.

ON THE DEATH OF A POET FRIEND: FROM THE GREEK.

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead;
And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
How oft we two talked down the sun: but thou,
Halicarnassian guest! art ashes now.
Yet live thy nightingales of song; on those
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

Henry Nelson Coleridge.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

Through and through the inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings!

Robert Burns.

TO THUSCUS.

Thuscus writes fair, without blur or blot,
The rascalst rhymes were ever read, God wot.
No marvel; many with a swan's quill write
That can but with a goose's wit indite.

Thomas Freeman.

TO A FEEBLE CRITIC.

Thy praise. or dispraise is to me alike,
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

Ben Jonson.

ON A POETASTER.

Thy verses are eternal, O my friend,
For he who reads them, reads them to no end.

TO A KIDDERMINSTER POET.

Thy verses, friend, are Kidderminster stuff,
And I must own you've measured out enough.

William Shenstone.

WELSH BARDS.

'Tis said, O Cambria! thou hast tried in vain
To form great poets; and the cause is plain:
Ap-Jones, Ap-Jenkins and Ap-Evans sound
Among thy sons, but no Ap-ollo's found.

A CAUTION TO POETS.

What poets feel not, when they make,
A pleasure in creating
The world, in *its* turn, will not take
Pleasure in contemplating.

Matthew Arnold.

ON A DULL SATIRIST.

When a viper its venom has spit, it is said,
That it's fat heals the wound which it's poison has made;
Thus it fares with the blockhead who ventures to write,
His dulness an antidote proves to his spite.

RULE INVERSE.

Yes, every poet is a fool,
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

On Garrick and Barry in the character of King Lear.

The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.
A King? "Ay, every inch a King!"
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear!

Richard Kendal.

Quin's Soliloquy on seeing the Embalmed Body of Duke Humphrey at St. Albans.

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say!
Embalm the dead! on senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste!
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I
Bound in a precious pickle, lie
Which I can never taste?
Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle, fat, and Bordeaux wine
And spoil th' Egyptian trade!
Than Humphrey's Duke more happy I—
Embalmed alive, old Quin shall die
A mummy ready made.

David Garrick.

On a Statue of Venus: from the Greek.

Cythera from this craggy steep
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the venturous sail;
While ocean flows beneath, serene,
Awed by the smile of Beauty's queen.

Robert Bland.

Rival Tragedians.

[James Quin, who was celebrated for his impersonating of Richard III, was jealous of the popularity which David Garrick gained in the same character, and exclaimed that Garrick was but a new religion—Whitefield was followed for a time but the people would all come to church again. Garrick replied with this epigram.]

Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that heresy infects the town;
That Whitefield-Garrick has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage.
Schism, he cries, has turned the nation's brain,
But eyes will open, and to church again!
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more:
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation.

David Garrick.

On an Apple being Thrown at an Actor whilst Playing Sir Pertinax MacSycophant.

Some envious Scot, you say, the apple threw,
Because the character was drawn too true;
It can't be so, for all must know right weel
That a true Scot had only thrown the peel.

Masks and Faces.

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes;
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
'Tis ten to one you find the girl in tears.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ON PRAXITELE'S STATUE OF VENUS AT CNIDOS: FROM THE GREEK.

I

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis, too,
Have seen me naked and exposed to view;
All these I frankly own without denying;
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

II

To Paris, at the dread command of Jove,
To Adon, at the soft behest of Love,
Fair Venus gave her limbs disrobed to see;
But at whose voice, Praxiteles, to thee?

Richard Garnett.

ON A STATUE OF NIOBE.

To stone the Gods have changed her—but in vain;
The sculptor's art gave her to breathe again.

ON THE BUSTS OF NEWTON, LOCKE, CLARKE AND WOLLASTON AT RICHMOND, 1732.

With honour thus by Caroline placed,
How are these venerable bustoes graced!
O queen, with more than regal title crowned,
For love of arts and piety renowned!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Revered by her whom all mankind adore.

Jonathan Swift.

FOR A STATUE OF CUPID: FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Whoe'er thou art, thy master see!
Who was, or is, or is to be.

On Flaxman's Penelope.

The suitors sinned, but with a fair excuse
Whom all this elegance might well seduce.
Nor can our censure on the husband fall,
Who, for a wife so lovely, slew them all.

On hearing a Young Lady declare that there was "A Sensation of Upward Rushing," about Epstein's Rima.

When I first saw the figure rude
I was affected so—and spewed.

Winged Words on Chantrey's Woodcocks.

[Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, when with a shooting party at Holkham in 1829, killed two woodcocks with a single shot. Later he sculptured the birds "with the utmost beauty, truth and tenderness at the moment and in the attitude of their unlooked for death." The incident, and its marble memorial, were made the subject of many epigrams, which were collected into a volume, nearly thirty years later.]

I

Life in death,—a mystic lot
Dealt thou to the winged band;
Death—from thine unerring shot,
Life—from thine undying hand.

Bishop of Oxford.

II

Their good and ill from the same source they drew
Here shrined in marble by the hand that slew.

Lord Jeffrey.

III

Driven from the North that would have starved them,
This was the way that Chantrey sarved them :
He shot them first, and then he carved them.

Hudson Gurney.

IV

The carver's knife in vain their limbs shall sever,
In Chantrey's marble they unite for ever.

P. R. Duncan.

V

Not cypress bring, nor bays, but green shamrocks,
Nor let th' Hibernian lay provoke thy mocks,
Which sings how, dead, we live, two stone woodcocks.

M. P. Boulton.

VI

With gun or chisel thou art doubly clever,
Chantrey ! Thy twins in death are twins for ever.

M. P. Boulton.

VII

Chantrey invented the best of gun-locks,
Which cocks one hammer, and hammers two cocks.

F. P. Muirhead.

VIII

Amazed I view the consecrated spot
Where Chantrey killed two woodcocks at a shot :
For yonder, lo ! his breathing victims are,
More deathless than in life, and lovelier far.

F. P. Muirhead.

IX

He hit the birds, and, with an aim as true,
And hand as skilful, hit their likeness too!

F. P. Muirhead.

X

Ye woodcocks that from Chantrey flew away,
That day you lived, to die another day;
More blest the pair, at once by Chantrey slain!
That day they died, one day to live again.

XI

Long may this spotless marble tell,
When Chantrey fired, two woodcocks fell;
They met their doom together;
But now by his transcendent art,
Into new life he bids them start,
And makes them live for ever.

Hon. Frederick Anson.

XII

Shall Chantrey be called a destroyer or not?
He slaughters indeed his two birds at one shot;
But, pitying his victims, with gen'rous endeavour
To make more than amends, by his chisel so clever,
He revives them, to live on in marble for ever.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

A Sweet Singer: from the Greek.

Heliodora's voice, by all that's dear,
Is sweeter than Apollo's voice to hear!

H. Wellesley.

On a Company of Bad Dancers.

[To this couplet the name of Oliver Goldsmith is often attached, but it is to be found in a collection of epigrams published in 1727, a year before Goldsmith's birth; it is published in a book by one George Jeffreys, 1754, and also in the works of Ambrose Phillips.]

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes.

To a Bad Fiddler.

Old Orpheus played so well, he moved Old Nick,
While thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddlestick.

The Contest.

Some say, that signior Bononcini,
Compared to Handel's a mere ninny:
Others aver, that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such high disputes should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

John Byrom.

A Definition.

When two score throats together squall
It may be call a Mad-rig-all.

Jonathan Swift.

On the Art Unions.

That picture-raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good colouring to flourish,
Admits of logic chopping and wise sawing,
But surely lotteries encourage drawing.

Thomas Hood.

ON FROST.

Frost is the greatest artist in our clime—
He paints in nature and describes in rime.

ON A PICTURE CALLED "THE DOUBTFUL SNEEZE."

The doubtful sneeze! a failure quite—
A winker half, and half a gaper—
Alas to paint on canvas here
What should have been on tissue paper!

Thomas Hood.

ART FOR UGLINESS' SAKE: FROM THE GREEK.

The skill of the painter, with nature at strife,
This ugly squab figure has hit to the life;
But perish the art, that, when everything's done,
Only makes two detestable objects of one.

ON A FLOWER PAINTED BY VARELST.

When famed Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsafed the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatched the pencil from his hand,
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine shall never fade.

Matthew Prior.

ON THE FADING OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S PICTURES.

The art of painting was at first designed
To bring the dead, our ancestors, to mind;
But this great painter has reversed the plan,
And made the picture die before the man.

Written under a Lady's Picture.

When age my throbbing heart shall tame,
And even my fair one's form shall change,
Youths of my constant hopeless flame
Shall hear—and haply think it strange.
But when, bright Portrait, thou hast proved
What beauties did my heart assail,
They'll wonder—not that I have loved—
But that I've lived to tell the tale.

The Likeness Discovered.

When Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorned with charms and beauties not her own;
Where Reynolds, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes as Chloe never had;
"Ye gods!" she cries, in ecstasy of heart,
"How near can nature be expressed by art!
Well, it is wondrous like!—nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip—the killing eye!"
Blunt and severe, as Manly in the play,
Downright replies: "Like, madam, do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true,
The canvas painted is, and so are you."

MEDICAL, CLERICAL AND LEGAL

MEDICAL, CLERICAL AND LEGAL

On Nicolaus, an Ignorant Physician.

It is not for nothing that sometimes we see
Great names and professions so closely agree.
There's Nicol the Gen'ral and Nicol the Leech,
A like reputation attaching to each:
The one slays his hosts with his sword of devotion,
The other his thousands with poison and potion.
The soldier may often be charged on the plain—
None lives to encounter the doctor again!

To one Doctor Abel.

Abel! prescribe thyself, trust not another:
Some envious leech, like Cain, may slay his brother.

To an Oculist: from the French.

From blindness relieved, by your skill so profound,
I can see, my dear doctor, what passes around;
And already perceive (what I needs must deplore)
Of friends many less and of fools many more.

Convincing Proof: from the French of Boileau.

You say, without reward or fee,
  Your uncle cured me of a dangerous ill:
I say, he never did prescribe for me;
  The proof is plain, I'm living still.

Sent with a Couple of Ducks to a Patient's Mother.

I

I've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss ——— is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks.
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

Edward Jenner.

II

Yes! 'twas politic, truly, my very good friend,
Thus a couple of quacks to your patient to send;
Since there's nothing so likely as quacks, it is plain,
To make work for a regular doctor again.

To Dr. Maxwell, on Miss Jessy Staig's Recovery.

Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny:
You save fair Jessy from the grave!
An angel could not die.

Robert Burns.

On Employing Two Doctors.

One doctor single, like the sculler plies,
The patient struggles, and by inches dies;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him right swiftly to the Stygian shores.

Joseph Jekyll.

Love Incurable.

Sol Daphne sees, and seeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celestial fires:
Had any remedy for love been known,
The god of physic, sure, had cured his own.

Abraham Cowley.

To Doctor Empiric.

When men a dangerous disease did 'scape
Of old, they gave a cock to Esculape:
Let me give two, that doubly am got free—
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

Ben Jonson.

On Quacks.

When quacks, as quacks may, by good luck, to be sure,
Blunder out, at haphazard, a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient and doctor, are amply displayed.
All this is quite just, and no mortal can blame it;
If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it:
But there's reason to think they might save more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill.

Samuel Bishop.

To a Sympathetic Physician.

With doubtful strife, humanity and art
For conquest vie in Wilmot's head and heart.
On his loved son Apollo did bestow
The healing power, and words to soften woe.
With sympathising eyes and tender mind
He views the maladies of human kind;
Reprieves the languid patient from the grave,
While Pity soothes whom Medicine cannot save.

William Duncombe.

Of Doctors: from the French.

Would you send the man you hate
Down to Pluto's dark dominions?
No bravoes hire to seal his fate,—
Bid two physicians on him wait:
Two of different opinions.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

Would you wish to get well without failing,
  Of I know not what ill, which, I know not for why,
For this fortnight has made you look feeble and ailing ?
  I prescribe you to buy,
How much I can't say, of a root I know not,
  To mix, of I know not what simples a potion ;
  Pound, I know not what herbs, and of them make a lotion.
Which, applied piping hot,
  Will, for aught that I know,
  Make you eat, drink, and sleep, as a fortnight ago :
But this I can venture for certain to say,
Half the doctors in London prescribe the same way.

FROM PESTLE TO PULPIT.

Paulus, the famous quack, renowned afar,
For killing more than pestilence or war,
Of late, in orders, is a curate made,
And buries people—not to change his trade.

DIVERSITY OF DOCTORS.

How D.D. swaggers, M.D. rolls !
  I dub them both a brace of noddies :
Old D.D. has the cure of souls,
  And M.D. has the care of bodies.
Between them both what treatment rare
  Our souls and bodies must endure !
One has the cure without the care,
  And one the care without the cure.

CREEDS : FROM THE GERMAN.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three,
Extant are ; but still the doubt is where Christianity may be.

H. W. Longfellow.

On Three Preachers of St. Mary's, Cambridge, attacking Calvin.

Three preachers, in three distant counties born,
The Church of England's doctrines do adorn :
Harsh Calvin's mystic tenets were their mark,
Founded in texts perverted, gloomy, dark ;
Butler in clearness and in force surpassed ;
Maltby with sweetness spoke of ages past :
Whilst Marsh himself, who scarce could further go,
With criticism's fetters bound the foe.

On Dr. Sherlock.

I

As Sherlock the elder with his jure divine
Did not comply till the Battle of Boyne ;
So Sherlock the younger still made it a question
Which side he would take, till the battle of Preston.

II

As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman asked him which way he would float,
Which way, says the Doctor, why, fool, with the stream.
To Paul's or to Lambeth, 'twas all one to him.

On Church-going.

" Attend your Church," the parson cries :
To church each fair one goes ;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

Advice to a late Translator of Virgil.

Mind but thy preaching T ——, translate no further :
Is it not written, *Thou shalt do no murther.*

A Court Audience.

Old South, a witty Churchman reckoned,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a Court,
Who at all preaching made a sport:
He soon perceived his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopped; began to call,
"Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
My Lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud—you'll wake the King."

Richard Graves.

Vicar and Curate.

A vicar, long ill, who had treasured up wealth,
Told his curate each Sunday to pray for his health;
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the curate ought rather to wish he were dead.
"By my troth," says the curate, "let credit be given,
I ne'er prayed for his death—but I have for his living."

On a Dull Preacher.

By our preacher perplexed,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the text,
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

Curate and Rector.

I

For the rector in vain through the parish you'll search,
But the curate you'll find living hard by the church.

II

The curate live hard! — what a silly conjecture!
Hard living is only the lot of the rector.

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT.

Example is better than precept, they say;
With our parson the maxim should run t'other way,
For so badly he acts, and so wisely he teaches,
We should shun what he does, and should do what he preaches.

TO DR. BALGUY ON HEARING HIM PREACH ON THE TEXT, WISDOM IS SORROW.

If what you advance, my dear Doctor, be true,
That wisdom is sorrow—how wretched are you!

Joseph Warton.

THE BISHOP AND HIS PORTMANTEAU.

"I have lost my portmanteau."
"I pity your grief."
"It contained all my sermons."
"I pity the thief."

ON A WINDY PARSON.

"Preaching is foolishness," he made
The text of his oration;
And all confessed that he displayed
A perfect demonstration.

ON MITRE COURT, FLEET STREET.

Proper terms here are met, for, whatever our forte,
There's no way to the Mitre except through the Court.

ON A PARSON WHO FELL ASLEEP AT A PARTY.

Still let him sleep, still let us talk, my friends;
When next he preaches we'll have full amends.

ON ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

This is God's House, but 'tis to be deplored,
More come to see the house than serve its Lord.

On Feminine Loquacity: from the French of Rabelais.

Two gossips prating in a church,
The devil, who stood upon the lurch,
In shorthand on a parchment roll
Wrote down their words; and when the scroll
Could hold no more, it was so full,
His devilship began to pull
And stretch it with his teeth; which, failing,
He knocked his head against the railing,
St. Martin laughed, though then at Mass,
To see the devil such an ass,
To think a parchment roll, or even a skin,
Could hold two women's chat when they begin.

Doubly Lent.

To the Church I once went,
But I grieved and I sorrowed;
For the season was Lent,
And the sermon was borrowed.

On Archbishop Secker, 1758.

The Bench hath oft posed us, and set us a-scoffing
By signing Will. London, John Sarum, John Roffen;
But this head of the Church no expounder will want
For his Grace signs his own proper name, Thomas Cant.*

Horace Walpole.

On Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor.

Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,—
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

Sir Richard Steele.

* It is said that a series of epigrams on this caused the changing of the signature of Archbishops of Canterbury from "Cant." to "Cantuar."

On Barrington, Bishop of Durham, and Barrington, the Pickpocket.

Two names of late, both great in their way,
At Court lately well did bestir 'em,
The one was transported to Botany Bay,
The other translated to Durham.

"Two Went Up into the Temple to Pray."

Two went to pray! O, rather say
One went to brag, th' other to pray;
One stands up close and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not send his eye.
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

Richard Crashaw.

Religion Lies Not in Eating.

Who can believe with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence?
Or, that a herring hath a charm,
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapped up in majesty divine
Does he regard on what we dine?

The Same Answered.

By reason similar I prove
It matters not whose wife I love,
My own or yours—for God's too high
Such paltry matters to espy.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
What are your landlord's rent-rolls?—taxing ledgers;
What premiers? what even monarchs?—mighty gaugers;
Nay, what are priests, those seeming-godly wisemen,
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

Robert Burns.

THE PLAINT OF THE POOR PREACHER: INFLUENZA TIME.

Your pity not in vain we seek
Who serve beneath your parish steeples;
Our own coughs plague us all the week,
And on the Sunday—other peoples'.

Alfred Ainger.

CONVINCING ARGUMENTS.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year,—
And that which was proved true before
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

Thomas Love Peacock.

THE SURPLICE QUESTION: BY A BENEDICT.

A very pretty public stir
Is making, down at Exeter,
About the surplice fashion:
And many bitter words and rude
Have been bestowed upon the feud,
And much unchristian passion.
For me I neither know nor care
Whether a parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress;
Filled with a trouble of my own,—
A wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her nightdress.

Thomas Hood.

SABLE SUITS.

Parsons and lawyers both you'll find
By mourning suits are known;
Those for the sins of all mankind,
The others for their own.

INSCRIPTION FOR INNER TEMPLE GATE.

As by the Templar's holds you go,
The Horse and Lamb, displayed
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade;
That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession,
The Lamb sets forth their innocence,
The Horse their expedition.
O happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay.

RETORT TO THE FOREGOING.

Deluded men these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
Their clients, not themselves.
'Tis all a trick; these all are shams,
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care, for you're the Lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.
Nor let the thought of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the showy Horse, and they
The jockeys that will ride you.

THE LAWYER AND THE DOCTOR.

The doctor lives by sporting with our lives;
And, by our follies fed, the lawyer thrives.

ON A DULL PREACHER.

Whene'er your auditors to tire
By long discourse you choose,
The fret-work leaves the Gothic spire,
And settles in the pews.

James Smith.

ON CRAVEN STREET, STRAND.

I

In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base;
Fly, honesty, fly to some safer retreat!
There's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

James Smith.

II

Why should honesty seek any safer retreat,
From the lawyers or barges, odd rot 'em?
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom.

Sir George Rose.

III (*after long interval*)

Your reasons are specious, but scarcely discreet,
As honesty can't fail to spot 'em,
For the lawyers lie just at the top of the street,
And the barges lie just at the bottom.

Walter Jerrold.

ON A BUSTLING PROSY SERJEANT AT LAW.

Behold the serjeant full of fire,
Long shall his hearers rue it;
His purple garments come from Tyre—
His arguments go to it.

Joseph Jekyll.

THE DYING LAWYER.

Old Quillet, his race upon earth almost run,
Thus sagely advised his too diffident son ;
" Like a true limb of law, would you live at your ease,
Ne'er boggle on any side, lad, to take fees ;
Keep clear of a noose, though you merit to swing,
And be sure to sell justice for what it will bring ! "
" Sell justice ? " retorted his wondering heir,
" A thing of such value,—so precious, so rare ;
The cement of society, honour's best band,
Sell justice ? " " Aye, sell it, and that out of hand :
You extravagant rascal ! If 'tis, as you say,
A thing of such price, would you give it away ? "

THE CRIER.

I heard a judge his tipstaff call,
And say, " Sir, I desire
You go forthwith and search the hall
And send me in the Crier."
" And search, my Lord, in vain I may,"
The tipstaff gravely said ;
" The Crier cannot cry to-day,
Because his wife is dead."

ON RECEIVING A BRACE OF PHEASANTS FROM A LAW CLERK, NAMED COPEMAN.

In Copeman's ear this truth let echo tell,
" Immortal bards like mortal pheasants well ; "
And when his clerkship's out, I wish him herds
Of golden clients, for his golden birds.

William Cowper.

ON THE LAW.

The Law decides questions of *meum* and *tuum*,
By kindly arranging to make the thing *Suum*.

On Seeing One of the Croydon Belles in the Court at Kingston, during the Assizes.

Whilst petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart ?
You, my fair one, will cry, " Laws and Court I defy you ! "
Concluding no peers can be summoned to try you.
But think not, fair Shorey, this plea will secure ye,
Since the Muses and Graces will just make a jury.

Lord Erskine.

On One Who was Ruined by Gaining a Law-Suit.

Whoe'er takes counsel of his friends,
  Will ne'er take counsel of the law :
Whate'er his means, whate'er his ends,
  Still he shall no advantage draw.
Justice in vain may urge her plea,
  May show that all is right and fair ;
The lawyer, too, has had his fee,
  He gained your suit—and left you bare.

On Legal Documents.

In indenture or deed,
Though a thousand you read,
  Neither comma nor colon you'll ken :
A stop intervening
Might determine the meaning
  And what would the lawyers do then ?
Chance for change of construction gives chance for new flaws ;
When the sense is once fixed, there's an end of the cause.

Samuel Bishop.

The Lawyer's House.

The Lawyer's house, if I have rightly read,
Is built upon the fool's or madman's head.

Lawyers and Clients.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er.
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Say," cries the losing client, "How came you
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" one answers, "Lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between."

On Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England.

When More some years had Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain;
The same shall never more be seen
Till More be here again.

On Justice.

When painters or sculptors give Justice a face,
On her eyes a broad bandage, to blind her, they place;
But methinks, with all proper respect to the law,
She might judge so much better, the better she saw.
Tie her hands, if you please, and I care not how much;
She may look where she will—so you don't let her touch.

The Learned Pleader.

My cause concerns nor battery nor treason;
I sue my neighbour for this only reason—
That late, three sheep of mine to pound he drove;
This is the point the Court would have you prove.
Concerning Magna Charta you run on,
And all the perjuries of old King John;
Then of the Edwards and Black Prince you rant,
And talk of John o' Stiles and John o' Gaunt;
With voice and hand a mighty pother keep—
Now pray, dear sir, one word about the sheep!

William Hay.

Why Justice is Blind.

Says Will to Mat, "What cause can be assigned
Why sacred Themis still is pictured blind?"
"Because," says Mat, "when towering vice prevails
She may excuse the error of her scales;
For most, who know this present age, agree,
Whate'er she thinks—she does not care to see!"

The Basis of Law.

Jack says that of law common sense is the base,
And, doubtless, in that he is right;
Though certain am I, that in many a case
The foundation is quite out of sight.

Seven Good Things Requisite Before Going to Law.

Dear Tom, take advice, nor commit a *faux pas*;
As you travel through life, never get into law;
The odds are against you a million to one,
'Tis a horse to a hen that you're quickly undone.
And if there's no help, and to law you must go,
Indispensables seven, 'tis fit you should know.
And first, you'll be wise to reflect well and pause
And be sure, ere you stir, that you have a good cause.
Like your cause, your attorney should also be good—
A *sine qua non*—it is well understood.
Your jury, besides, must be good and not packed,
And by a good counsel your case must be backed;
A good witness and staunch, too, you'll certainly need;
If in this point you fail, Tom, you cannot succeed.
To make all secure, ere an inch more you budge,
You'll be lost if you haven't a very good judge.
These are six needful things, yet fast you'll be stuck,
And still lose your cause—if you haven't good luck.

PERSONAL:
COMPLIMENTARY AND OTHERWISE

PERSONAL: COMPLIMENTARY AND OTHERWISE

On Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake.

O Nature! to Old England still
Continue these mistakes;
Give us for all our Kings, such Queens,
And for our Dux, such Drakes.

To Sir Inigo Jones.

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
And labours to seem worthy of this fear,
That I should write upon him some sharp verse,
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain.
Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:
The Libyan lion hunts no butterflies;
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.
If thou be so desirous to be read,
Seek out some hungry painter, that, for bread,
With rotten chalk or coal, upon the wall,
Will well design thee to be viewed of all
That sit upon the common draught or strand;
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

Ben Jonson.

On Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford: Imitated from Martial.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell:
But this, I'm sure, I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

Tom Brown.

To John Selden.

Monarch of times and arts, who travelled o'er
New worlds of knowledge undescried before,
And hast on everlasting columns writ
The utmost bounds of knowledge and of wit:
Hadst thou been more like us, or we like thee,
We might add something to thy memory.
Now thy own tongues must speak thee, and thy praise
Be from those monuments thyself didst raise;
And all those titles thou didst once display
Must yield thee titles greater far than they.

On Dr. Tadlow of St. John's College, Oxford.

When Tadlow walks the streets, the paviors cry,
God bless you, sir—and lay their rammers by.

Abel Evans.

On Hearne, the Antiquary.

Pox on't, says Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

On Robert Freind's Long-winded Epitaphs.

Freind! for your epitaphs I'm grieved;
So very much is said,
One-half will never be believed
The other never read.

Alexander Pope.

To the Duchess of Queensberry.

Did Celia's person and her sense agree,
What mortal could behold her and be free?
But nature has, in pity to mankind,
Enriched the image, but defaced the mind.

Alexander Pope.

THE DUCHESS'S RETORT.

Had Pope a person equal to his mind,
How fatal it would be to womankind;
But nature, who does all things well ordain,
Deformed the body, but enriched the brain.

ON JACOB TONSON.

[Tonson, the bookseller, having refused to advance some money to Dryden for some work on which he was engaged, the poet sent the following lines to him with the message: "Tell the dog, that he who wrote them can write more."]

With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas-coloured hair,
And frowsy pores that taint the ambient air.

John Dryden.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

I

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

Alexander Pope.

II

More than his name were less: 'Twould seem to fear,
He, who increased Heaven's fame, could want it here.
Yet, when the suns he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found are first decayed;
Then, void and waste, Eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name, together die.

Aaron Hill.

ON COLLEY CIBBER.

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

On Dr. I. Lettsom.

If anybody comes to I,
I physics, bleeds and sweats 'em ;
If after that they choose to die,
Why, what care I ? I. Lettsom.

To Voltaire, Ridiculing Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death.

So much confusion, so wicked, and so thin,
He seems at once a Chaos, Death and Sin.

Lord Hewey.

The Poet Young.

Thou dreariest droll of puffy short-breath'd writers !
All thy *night thoughts* and day thoughts hung on mitres.

Walter Savage Landor.

Petition of I and U.

[Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet in 1759 entitled " To David Garrick, Esq., the Humble Petition of I, in behalf of Herself and Sister " ; the purport of which was to charge the actor with mispronouncing some words such as *furm*, *vurtue*, etc.]

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better ;
May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen !
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

David Garrick.

On the Death of Charles Churchill.

Says Tom to Richard, " Churchill's dead ! "
Says Richard, " Tom, you lie ;
Old Rancour the report has spread ;
But Genius cannot die."

To Sir John Hill, Physician and Playwright.

I

For physic and farces
Thy equal there scarce is;
Thy farces are physic,
Thy physic a farce is.

David Garrick.

II

Thou essence of dock, and valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of the age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy sad crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.

III

The wish should be in form reversed,
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For if he takes his physic first
He'll never read his rhymes.

On Edmund Burke's Hostility to Warren Hastings.

Oft have we wondered that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile ever yet was found;
Revealed the secret stands of Nature's work,
She saved her venom to create a Burke.

To Lord Nelson.

[With his lordship's nightcap that caught fire on the poet's head as he was reading in bed.]

Take your nightcap again, my good lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there is fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

John Wolcot.

On William Graham of Morsknowe.

Stop thief! dame Nature cried to Death
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again?

Robert Burns.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Man of Talents.

This great orator's talents all see without winking,
He has a talent for talk and a talent for drinking,
A talent for wit, and a talent for sense,
And a talent for spending his creditors' pence;
A talent to flatter, and one to deceive,
A talent to cheat you, and laugh in his sleeve;
A talent men's vices and follies to lash,
And a talent to wheedle them out of their cash:
He has a talent besides for inventing a play,
And all that he wants is the talent to pay.

On Hearing that there was Falsehood in the Rev. Dr. Blair's Very Looks.

That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny:
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

Robert Burns.

To Sir James Mackintosh.

Though thou'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
In the resemblance one thing thou dost lack:
When he had gotten his ill-purchased pelf,
He went away, and wisely hanged himself.
This thou may'st do at last; yet much I doubt,
If thou hast any bowels to gush out!

Charles Lamb.

On Seeing the Beautiful Seat of Lord Galloway.

i

What dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind.

ii

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

iii

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway!
Through many a far-famed sire—
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

Robert Burns.

Messrs. Canning and Frere.

At Eton School brought up with dull boys,
We shone like men among the school-boys:
But since we in the world have been,
We are but school-boys among men.

Charles Lamb.

Cobbett and Paine.

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.

Lord Byron.

To Mr. Strahan, the King's Printer.

[The writer of this complimentary epigram, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," met Strahan, then suffering from gout and old age, but with mental faculties unimpaired, at a dinner party, and on the following morning sent him these lines. Strahan was so gratified that he at once added a codicil to his will leaving the author three thousand pounds.]

Your lower limbs seemed far from straight
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

James Smith.

To Lady Payne.

'Tis true I am ill; but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure that never knew Payne.

Lord Erskine.

Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wood at Stowe.

Her wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

Lord Lyttelton.

The Poetical Cask: on the Arrival in England of the Remains of Lord Byron.

With change of climate manners alter not;
Transport a drunkard—he'll return a sot.
So lordly Juan, damned to endless fame,
Went out a pickle—and comes back the same.

Charles Lamb.

On Thomas Moore, the Poet.

When Limerick once, in idle whim,
Moore, as her member gaily courted,
The boys, for fun's sake asked of him
To state what party he supported;
When thus to them the answer ran,
At least 'tis thus I've heard the story,
"I'm of no party as a man,
But as a poet am-a-tory."

On Mr. Milton, the Livery-stable Keeper.

Two Miltons in separate ages were born;
The cleverer Milton 'tis clear we have got;
Though the other had talents the world to adorn,
This lives by his *mews*, which the other could not!

Theodore Hook.

On John Wilson Croker.

They say his wit's refined. Thus is explained
The seeming mystery—his wit is strained.

On Miss Tree, the Singer.

On this Tree when a nightingale settles and sings,
The Tree will return her as good as she brings.

Henry Luttrell.

On a Talkative Peer.

They say Ward has no heart, but I deny it:
He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it.

Samuel Rogers.

On Samuel Rogers, Poet and Egotist.

So well deserved is Rogers' fame,
That friends, who hear him most, advise
The egotist to change his name
To "Argus," with his hundred I's.

To Christopher North.

You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Rusty Christopher.
When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could *not* forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

On Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds," 1853.

Should man, through the stars to far galaxies travel,
And of nebulous films the remotest unravel,
He still could but learn, having fathomed infinity,
That the great work of God was—The Master of Trinity.

Sir F. Hastings Doyle.

To Thomas Carlyle.

Strike with Thor's hammer, strike again
The skulking heads of half-formed men,
And every northern God shall smile
Upon thy well-aimed blow, Carlyle!

Walter Savage Landor.

On Judge Haliburton.

Once I would bid the man go hang
From whom there came a word of slang;
Now pray I, though the slang runs thick
Across the Atlantic from Sam Slick,
Never may fall the slightest hurt on
The witty head of Haliburton,
Wherein, methinks, more wisdom lies
Than in the wisest of the wise.

Walter Savage Landor.

On Ida Pfeiffer, the Traveller.

Through regions by wild men and cannibals haunted,
Old Dame Ida Pfeiffer goes lone and undaunted ;
But, bless you, the risk's not as great as it's reckoned,
She's too plain for the first, and too tough for the second.

James Hannay.

On C. G. Greville, Clerk of the Privy Council.

For fifty years he listened at the door,
And heard some secrets, and invented more,
These he wrote down, and statesmen, queens and kings
Are all degraded into common things.

On Gladstone Being taken to Denmark on a Yachting Trip by Sir Donald Currie.

Their places to the North they booked,
Then o'er the seas they hurried :
While common folks are only " Cook "ed
The G.O.M. is " Currie "d.

On Taine.

Our English critics their dull wits keep straining,
When—Enter Taine !—and all is entertaining.

Alfred Ainger.

On Perjury : from the Greek.

Wretch ! find new gods to witness to new lies,
Thy perjuries have made the old too wise.

Richard Cumberland.

Hopeless.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come ;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

On a Bad Orator.

You move the people when you speak,
For one by one away they sneak.

To a "Pen and Quill Manufacturer."

You put above your door, and in your bills,
You're manufacturer of pens and quills;
And for the first you well may feel a pride,
Your pens are better far than most I've tried;
But for the quills your words are somewhat loose—
Who manufactures quills must be a Goose.

Theodore Hook.

On One Who Sponged and Slandered.

You never dine at home, but sponge upon your friends;
And when you speak, the poisoned stream of slander never ends.
So we may say that day by day, on this or that pretence,
Your mouth you never open but at other men's expense.

Lord Neaves.

On Self-importance.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

Thomas Moore.

On the Horse of Frederick William on the Bridge at Berlin: from the German of Lessing.

On me you gaze surprised, as though
You doubted if I breathe or no;
Expectant half to see me stir—
Enough, I only wait the spur.

A Character.

Pride is his pity; artifice, his praise;
A masque, his virtue; and his fame, a blaze;
Insult, his charity; his friendship, fear;
And nothing, but his vanity, sincere.

On one Witless.

Rant is, they say, indicted for a wit,
To which he pleads "not guilty"—and is quit.

Thomas Jordan.

On a Very Thin Metaphysician.

Scarce from Privation's dreary lap,
Thy shadowy form forth drawn we see;
A scanty shred; a tiny scrap
Of metaphysic entity!
Thy face, in hieroglyphic style,
Seems just marked out; thy waist a span:
Thou sketch! thou outline! thou profile!
Thou bas-relievo of a man!

Richard Corbet.

The Accomplished Liar

Such a liar as Peter I never came nigh;
Put the truth in his mouth, it will come out a lie.

On a Beautiful Youth Struck Blind With Lightning: from the Spanish.

Sure 'twas by Providence designed,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

Oliver Goldsmith.

On a Bad Singer.

i

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

ii

A joke (cries Jack) without a sting—
Post obitum can no man sing.
And true, if Jack don't mend his manners
And quit the atheistic banners,
Post obitum will Jack run foul
Of such folks as can only howl.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

On Unreasoning Consistency.

That he's ne'er known to change his mind,
Is surely nothing strange;
For no one yet could ever find
He'd any mind to change.

On an Alderman.

That he was born it cannot be denied:
He ate, drank, slept, talked politics, and died.

John Cunningham.

To a Niggard: from the Greek.

They call thee rich—I deem thee poor;
Since, if thou darest not use thy store,
But sav'st it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

William Cowper.

To the Money-maker.

Thou addest daily to thy store thy gains;
Will a gold fleece give to a sheep more brains?

ON A LEFT-HANDED WRITING-MASTER.

Though Nature thee of thy right hand bereft;
Right well thou writest with the hand that's left.

Francis Fuller.

VALENTINE TO A GREEK PROFESSOR OF GREAT LEARNING BUT OF ROUGH MANNERS.

Thou great descendant of the critic line,
True lineal child of Bentley, Brunck and Porson,
Forgive my sending you this valentine,
It is but coupling Valentine with Orson.

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.

Thou mayst of double ignorance boast,
Who knows't not that thou nothing knows't.

William Cowper.

DECEITFUL LOOKS: FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye;
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Shouldst thou be honest, thou'rt an awful cheat.

Joseph Addison.

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no one Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to all the Nine!

Thomas Moore.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED OF A VERY TRIFLING FELLOW BEING KNIGHTED.

What! Dares made a knight! No; don't be frighted:
He only lost his way, and was be-nighted.

ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN AT TABLE, WHO KEPT BOASTING OF THE COMPANY HE KEPT.

What of lords with whom you have supped,
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen!
A louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the locks of a queen.

Robert Burns.

ON ONE INFAMOUS: FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

While Fell was reposing himself on the hay,
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay;
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

NOT BELIEVABLE: FROM THE LATIN OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

In vain I praise thee, Zoilus!
In vain thou railst at me!
Me no one credits, Zoilus!
And no one credits thee!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

ANSWERED!

Says John Wilkes to a lady: "Pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance the handsomest man."
The lady replied: "If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike you."

OF SYMPATHY: PERFECT AND IMPERFECT

OF SYMPATHY: PERFECT AND IMPERFECT

To Ianthe.

i

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever;
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river.

ii

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er
And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
Grant only (and I ask no more),
Let love remain that little while.

iii

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimmed crowd,
Ianthe said, and looked into my eyes.
"A *yes*, a *yes*, to both: for Memory
Where you but once have been must ever be
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

Walter Savage Landor.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

You say, to me-wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
Slowly goes far: the mean is best: desire
Grown violent, does either die, or tire.

Robert Herrick.

ON THE DYING CHARICLITA: FROM THE LATIN.

Your eye, that into shade the sunlight throws,
Death, had he sight, would have no heart to close.
My life upon't, e'en Death himself would die
Of love, at sight of yonder starry eye.

CUPID PROCLAIMED BY VENUS: FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

I'm in search of a Cupid that late went astray,
And stole from my bed with the dawn of the day.
His aspect is bold, his tongue never lies still,
And yet he can whine, and has tears at his will.
At human misfortunes he laughs and he sneers;
On his shoulders a quiver and pinions he wears:
'Tis unknown from what sire he deduces his birth;
'Tis not from the air, nor the sea, nor the earth;
For he's hated by all—but, good people, beware;
Perhaps for a heart he's now laying a snare—
Ha, ha, cunning Cupid, I see where you lie,
With your bow ready bent: in Zenophila's eye.

Francis Fawkes.

TO A POETIC LOVER: FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

You ask me why I have no verses sent?
For fear you should return the compliment.

W. Hay.

ON APPLES: FROM THE FRENCH.

With women and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day:
God be praised that the fate of mankind, my dear madam,
Depends not on us the same way.
For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue thee,
Like Adam I'd gladly take from thee the apple,
Like Paris at once give it to thee.

Thomas Moore.

ON WOMEN.

Women are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oft times they great errata see;
Here sometimes we a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplaced, at least a line awry:
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanack, to change her every year.

ON A COQUETTE.

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all;
All's one to her—above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ON A MANNISH WOMAN.

With woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
  One knows not where to take you:
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
Go, ask of Nature which you are,
  Or what she meant to make you.
Yet, stay—you need not take the pains;
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains,
  For man or maid's desiring,
Pert as a female, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale,—
  The thing's not worth inquiring!

Thomas Moore.

THE CHANGED LOVER: FROM THE GREEK.

I loved thee, beautiful and kind,
  And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind—
  'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Earl Nugent.

THE EXCHANGE.

We pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not guess the reason why,
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.
Her father's leave she bade me gain;
I went, but shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

ON LESBIA.

When Lesbia first I saw so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense healed my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled her tongue unbound.

William Congreve.

LOVE INCONCEALABLE.

Who can hide fire? If 't be uncovered, light;
If covered, smoke, betrays it to the sight.
Love is that fire, which still some signs affords;
If hid, they're sighs; if open, they are words.

THE CURE: IMITATED FROM THE LATIN.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But, when the candle entered, I was cured.

Sir Richard Steele.

To a Lady (afterwards his Wife), with a New Watch.

With me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turned upon this golden toy;
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss,
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

Lord Lyttelton.

A Foolish Excuse.

Why, Chloe, why with rouge o'erlay
Those cheeks of native glow?
"One must do like the world," you say,
"And all the world does so."—
Ah! Chloe, from example's book
You take a losing cue;
For while like every hag you look,
Each hag can look like you.

Samuel Bishop.

Written on a Toasting-Glass of the Kit-Cat Club—on the Duchess of Manchester.

While haughty Gallia's dames, who spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there
In native charms, divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they showed,
And with unborrowed blushes glowed.

Joseph Addison.

The Ideal Lass: from the Latin of Owen.

What lass is for my money? Such a one
As all would buy, but vendible to none.

On an Old Gossip.

When will Belisa's envious tongue
The charming Pattilinda spare ?
When will she cease th' insidious wrong,
Nor sneer at gifts she cannot share ?
'Twill be—you need not doubt how long—
'Twill be as soon as she's as fair,
As good, as happy, and as young !

Baptist Noel Turner.

The Casuist.

When Sarah Jane, the moral miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,
I'll bet a shilling I see through it :
The damsel, fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should—
She'd rather suffer wrong than do it.

J. G. Saxe.

On Being Asked Which of Three Sisters was the Most Beautiful.

When Paris gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
For the resistless Venus, queen of love,
'Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,
Where she alone was exquisitely fair :
But here, what could his ablest judgment teach,
When wisdom, power, and beauty, reign in each ?
The youth, nonplussed, behoved to join with me,
And wish the apple had been cut in three.

Robert Fergusson.

No Paradox.

What means then Hesiod : " Half excels the whole " ?
Read me the riddle, there's a clever soul.
Lady, the answer in yourself appears,
For twenty-five you'd give your fifty years.

To Mary, After Seeing the Celebrated Statue "Venus Orta Mari."

When I ascribed, as bound in duty,
The character of perfect beauty
To "Venus orta mari,"
I meant that I must hesitate
Perfection to appropriate—
To Venus, or to Mary.

To Madame du Chatelet, when on a visit at Strawberry Hill.

When beauteous Helen left her native air,
Greece for ten years in arms reclaimed the fair,
Th' enamoured boy withheld his lovely prize,
And staked his country's ruin 'gainst her eyes,
Your charms less baneful, not less strong appear :
We welcome any peace that keeps you here.

Horace Walpole.

Driven Forth.

[The author of "Night Thoughts" was walking in his garden with the lady who later became his wife and a friend, when a servant announced that someone had called to see him. The poet was loth to leave his fair companions, but they insisted on his going and escorting him to the garden gate playfully thrust him through. He at once improvised :]

Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him I go, though to depart I'm loth ;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine is more unkind—
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

Edward Young.

From the Latin of Ausonius.

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

Matthew Prior.

Cause of the Fragrance and Colour of the Rose.

To sinless Eve's admiring sight,
The rose expanded snowy white;
When in an ecstasy of bliss,
She gave the modest flower a kiss;
And instantaneous, lo! it drew
From her red lips its blushing hue;
While from her breath it sweetness found,
And spread new fragrance all around.

The Fair Perjurer.

'Tis one of Chloe's qualities
That ever when she swears she lies:
Dost love me, Chloe? swear not so,
For when thou swearst, thou liest I know:
Dost hate me, Chloe? prythee swear,
For then I know thou lov'st me dear.

Thomas Freeman.

On a Lady Stung by a Bee.

To heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Delia's face,
Its honey to the part she laid,
And bade me kiss the place:
Pleased, I obeyed, and from the wound
Sucked both the sweet and smart—
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting went through my heart.

To Stella : from the Greek.

Two goddesses now must Cyprus adore ;
The muses are ten, the graces are four :
Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face,
She shines a new Venus, a Muse, and a Grace.

Jonathan Swift.

The Decision : from the French.

'Tis done, I yield ; adieu, thou cruel fair !
Adieu, th' averted face, th' ungracious cheek !
I go to die, to finish all my care,
To hang.—To hang ?—Yes, round another's neck.

Leigh Hunt.

On the Charms of My Mistress : from the Greek.

Three goddesses once by young Pallas were seen,
And well might he boast of so noble a sight ;
But as lately with lovely Belinda I've been,
I can boast of more joys, and a vision more bright.
Belinda is Juno whenever she walks,
Like Venus she smiles, and like Pallas she talks.

The Light of Beauty Unquenched in Death : from the Greek.

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled ;
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

To Madame de Damas, Learning English.

Though British accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb, " I love."'

Horace Walpole.

On an Hour Glass: from the Latin of Amaltheus.

These little atoms that in silence pour,
And measure out, with even pace, the hour,
Were once Alcippus. Struck by Galla's eyes,
Wretched he burned, and here in ashes lies;
Which, ever streaming, this sad truth attest,
That lovers count the time, and know no rest.

Josiah Relph.

On a Bee that Settled on the Neck of His Mistress: from the Greek of Meleager.

Thou flower-fed bee! Why leave the buds of spring
And to my loved one's breast thy fond flight wing?
Is it to warn us, that love tips his dart
With gall and honey for his victim's heart?
It is, it is! But go, light wanton, go!
The bitter truth you teach too well I know.

A Cure for Love.

The one end of a rope fasten over a beam,
And make a slip knot at the other extreme;
Then just underneath let a joint stool be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get:
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear well arranged be the knot,
The joint stool kicked down, let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest of the cure to the string.

The Metamorphosis.

The little boy, to show his might and power,
Turned Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flower;
Transformed Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tol'rable—but, by the mass!
He's metamorphosed me—into an ass.

Sir John Suckling.

On Snow that Melted on a Lady's Breast.

Those envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair :
Grieving to find themselves surpassed,
Dissolved into a tear.

Irresistible.

They say thine eyes, like sunny skies
Thy chief attraction form ;
I see no sunshine in those eyes,
They take me all by storm.

The Difference.

" Tell me," said Laura, " What may be
The difference 'twixt a clock and me."
" Laura," I cried, " love prompts my powers
To do the task you've set them :
A clock reminds us of the hours ;
You cause us to forget them."

On an Inn Window.

The glass, by lovers' nonsense blurred,
Dims and obscures our sight ;
So, when our passions Love has stirred,
It darkens Reason's light.

Jonathan Swift.

From the Greek.

The man who first laid down the pedant rule
That love is folly, was himself the fool ;
For if to life that transport you deny,
What privilege is left us—but to die ?

Richard Cumberland.

A Lady Wrote Upon a Window Some Verses, intimating Her Design of Never Marrying; a Gentleman Wrote These Lines Underneath.

The lady, who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass; to show it should be broke.

Her Golden Locks: from the Latin of Martial.

The golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers—and true she swears;
For I know where she bought it.

Sir John Harington.

A Nice Point Debated.

I

Say which enjoys the greater blisses,
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom, his friend, the favoured elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?
Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance should incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

II

Nay, surely John's the happier of the twain,
Because—the picture cannot kiss again.

On a Lady's Half Masking Herself when She Smiled.

So, when the sun with his meridian light
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble sight,
We thank th' officious cloud, by whose kind aid
We view his glory, lessened in a shade.

THE SKIPPING ROPE.

Sure never yet was antelope
  Could skip so lightly by.
Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
  Will hit you in the eye.
How lightly whirls the skipping rope!
  How fairy-like you fly!
Go, get you gone, you muse and mope;
  I hate that silly sigh.
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
  Or tell me how to die.
There, take it, take my skipping-rope,
  And hang yourself thereby.

Lord Tennyson.

ON THE TWO BEAUTIFUL MISSES GUNNING.

Sly Cupid, perceiving our modern beaux hearts
Were proof to the sharpest and best of his darts,
His power to maintain,—the young urchin grown cunning—
Has laid down his bow, and now conquers by Gunning.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Ægle, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

Lord Byron.

TO THE WATER-NYMPHS, DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Reach, with your whiter hands, to me,
  Some crystal of the spring;
And I about the cup shall see
  Fresh lilies flourishing.
Or else, sweet Nymphs, do you but this;
  To th' glass your lips incline;
And I shall see by that one kiss
  The water turned to wine.

Robert Herrick.

Under a Lady's Picture.

Such Helen was! and who can blame the boy
That in so bright a flame consumed his Troy?
But, had like virtue shined in that fair Greek,
The amorous shepherd had not dared to seek,
Or hope for pity, but, with silent moan,
And bitter fate, had perishèd alone.

Edmund Waller.

On a Maiden.

She is not fair to outward view
  As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
  Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.
But now her looks are coy and cold,
  To mine they ne'er reply.
And yet I cease not to behold
  The love-light in her eye;
Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

Hartley Coleridge.

On the Beautiful Miss Page.

Since Ganymede's time there has never been seen,
  One so lovely on this side of heav'n, I'll engage;
Nor till now in the circle of letters has been
  A whole volume of charms thus comprised in one Page.

The Real Wonder.

Silvia makes sad complaints, she's lost her lover:
Why nothing strange I in that news discover.
Nay, then thou 'rt dull; for here the wonder lies,
She had a lover once—don't that surprise?

WRITTEN ON A GLASS WITH THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S DIAMOND PENCIL.

Accept a miracle instead of wit :
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

Edward Young.

REPLY TO MISS CHARLOTTE NESS, WHO INQUIRED THE MEANING OF THE LOGICAL TERMS "ABSTRACT" AND "CONCRETE."

"Say, what is Abstract, what Concrete ?
Their difference define."
"They both in one fair person meet,
And that, dear maid, is thine."
"How so ? The riddle pray undo."
"I thus your wish express :
For when I lovely Charlotte view,
I then view loveli—Ness."

COARSE—AND CAUSTIC : AN IMPROMPTU.

Says Montague to me, and in her own house,
I do not care for you three skips of a louse ;
I forgive it, for women, however well bred,
Still talk most of that which runs most in their head.

Charles James Fox.

THE LOVE LETTER.

Rusticus wrote a letter to his love,
And filled it full of warm and keen desire :
He hoped to raise a flame, and so he did,—
The lady put his nonsense in the fire.

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle :
Come, give it me ; and do not make
So much ado about a trifle !

Thomas Moore.

To a Young Lady.

Die when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel ready-made for Heaven!

Thomas Moore.

After Plato.

I

O that my spirit were yon Heaven of light
Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

II

Thou eyest the stars, my Star? That mine might be
Yon host of starry eyes to bend on thee!

Richard Garnett.

III

Up at the stars thou art gazing, O love! would I might be
Heaven, that with thousand eyes I might look back on thee.

E. Parker.

IV

Lookest thou at the stars, O Stella! were I but the heaven,
With all the eyes of heaven would I look down upon thee.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

V

Thine eyes look up to Heaven—would 'twere mine
With Heaven's myriad eyes to look on thine.

Walter Jerrold.

Capricious Love : from the Greek of Moschus.

Pan sighs for Echo o'er the lawn ;
Sweet Echo loves the dancing Faun ;
The dancing Faun fair Lydia charms.
As Echo Pan's soft bosom warms,
So for the Faun sweet Echo burns,
Thus, all inconstant in their turns,
Both fondly woo, are fondly wooed,
Pursue, and are themselves pursued.
As much as all slight those that woo,
So those that slight are slighted too :
Thus rages, by capricious fate,
Alternate love, alternate hate.
Ye scornful nymphs and swains I tell
This truth to you ; pray, mark it well :
If to your lovers kind you prove,
You'll gain the hearts of those you love.

The Railer Answered.

O Bruscus, cease our aching ears to vex,
With thy loud railings at the softer sex ;
No accusation worse than this could be,
That once a woman did give birth to thee.

On a Beautiful French Girl Whose Mother was English.

No wonder that her cheeks disclose
A blush so crimson and a skin so fair ;
England has lent her loveliest rose
To blend with France's lilies there.

On Mrs. Dashwood.

Fair as the blushing grape she stands,
Tempting the gatherer's ready hands ;
Blossoms and fruit in her together meet,
As ripe as Autumn, and like April sweet.

UPON HIS MISTRESS DANCING.

I stood and saw my mistress dance,
Silent, and with so fixed an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance:
But being askèd, Why?
By one that knew I was in love;
I could not but impart
My wonder to behold her move
So nimbly, with a marble heart.

James Shirley.

ON THE INCONSTANCY OF WOMEN: FROM THE LATIN OF CATULLUS.

My Fair says, she no spouse but me
Would wed, though Jove himself were he,
She says it: but I deem
That what the fair to lovers swear
Should be inscribed upon the air,
Or in the running stream.

George Lamb.

ON RECEIVING AN ORANGE FROM A LADY.

Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
For I can blithely boast with thee;
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

Allan Ramsay.

TO A LADY, ON SEEING SOME VERSES IN PRAISE OF HER ON A PANE OF GLASS.

Let others, brittle beauties of a year,
See their frail names, and lovers' vows writ here;
Who sings thy solid worth and spotless fame,
On purest adamant should cut thy name:
Then would thy fame be from oblivion saved;
On thy own heart my vows must be engraved.

LOVE AND HOPE.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair ;
But love can hope where reason would despair.

Lord Lyttelton.

IN THE BEST CIRCLE.

Let mathematicians and geometricians
Talk of circles' and triangles' charms,
The figure I prize is a girl with bright eyes,
And the circle that's formed by her arms.

EARLY RISING.

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn,
Steals roses from the blushing morn ;
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN.

Men say ye are fair ; and fair ye are, 'tis true ;
But hark ! We praise the painter now, not you.

Robert Herrick.

LOVE, WHAT IT IS.

Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love.

Robert Herrick.

A NEW RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Last night as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Delia bent deliciously to grieve,
I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
And drew the fatal scissors from my sleeve.
She heard the steel her beauteous lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me and cried,
" You stupid puppy—you have spoiled my wig."

To a Lady Upon Seeing Her Blush : from the Arabic.

Leila! Whene'er I gaze on thee
My altered cheek turns pale,
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
A deep'ning blush prevail.
Leila, shall I the cause impart
Why such a change takes place ?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
To mantle in thy face.

J. D. Carlyle.

On a Celebrated Cambridge Beauty.

Is Molly Fowle immortal ? No !
Yes ! but she is, I'll prove her so ;
She's fifteen now, and was I know,
Fifteen full fifteen years ago.

Hans De Veil.

To a Lady Who Turned Her Cheek to Him When He Went to Kiss Her.

Is't for a grace, or is't for some dislike,
That, when I'd kiss your lips, you turn your cheek ?
Some think this carriage rude in your behaviour,
But I should rather think it for a favour.
For I, to show my kindness and my love,
Would leave both lip and cheek to kiss your glove :
And, with the cause to make you full acquainted,
Your glove's perfumed, your lips and cheeks are painted.

Written in a Young Lady's Album.

In vain to live from age to age
While modern bards endeavour,
I write my name in Patty's page,
And gain my point for ever.

William Cowper.

ON A LADY WHO PAINTED : FROM THE LATIN.

It sounds like a paradox—and yet 'tis true,
You're like your picture, though it's not like you.

ON LEANCE, THE GIPSY : FROM THE FRENCH OF URBAN CHEVREAU.

Loveliest of nature's works, ah ! why
Thus vainly in my hands you try
My fortune to discover ?
My fate is written in your heart,
And 'tis your will, and not your art
Can kill or save your lover.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know a thing that's most uncommon ;
(Envy be silent, and attend !)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.
Not warped by passion, awed by rumour ;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly ;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.
" Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir ? "
Yes she has one, I must aver :
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf and does not hear.

Alexander Pope.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.

If, for silver or for gold,
You could melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples,
Then your face we might behold,
Looking, doubtless, much more snugly ;
Yet, even then, 'twould be damned ugly.

Lord Byron.

THE GIFT: FROM THE GREEK.

I send thee myrrh, not that thou mayest be
By it perfumed, but it perfumed by thee.

Richard Garnett.

ON JEALOUSY.

How much are they deceived who vainly strive,
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love's like a torch, which if secured from blasts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts.
Exposed to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The flame grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

William Walsh.

PARADISE LOST—AND REGAINED.

From Eden's bower when woman ran,
'Twas Paradise no more;
Nor since could e'er the foot of man
Its once famed spot explore.
But out of this each blessing flows,
And all our joys arise;
For woman, whereso'er she goes,
Creates a Paradise!

THE KISS: FROM THE FRENCH.

"I never give a kiss (says Prue),
To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not give a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll take one though, and thank you for it.

Thomas Moore.

ASSUMED IGNORANCE.

I hardly know one flower that grows
On my small garden plot:
Perhaps I may have seen a Rose,
And said "Forget-me-not."

Walter Savage Landor.

WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

I

I change, and so do women, too;
But I reflect—which women never do.

II

If women reflected, O scribbler, declare
What man—faithless man—would be blessed by the fair?

NAMES: FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

I asked my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.
"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Belovèd, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me Thine."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

WRITTEN IN THE LEAVES OF A FAN.

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ;
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motion so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.

Bishop Atterbury.

On Two Beautiful Monoculi: from the Latin of Amaltheus.

Acon his right, Leonilla her left eye
Doth want; yet each in form the gods out-vie.
Sweet boy, with thine, thy sister's sight improve;
So shall she Venus be, thou god of love.

From the Greek of Rhianus.

Dexionica, with a limed thread,
Her snare beneath a verdant plane-tree spread,
And caught a blackbird by the quivering wing:
The struggling bird's shrill outcries piping ring.
O God of Love! O Graces, blooming fair!
I would that I a thrush or blackbird were;
So, in her grasp, to breathe my murmur'd cries,
And shed a sweet tear from my silent eyes!

Sir Charles Elton.

On the Looking-glass: from the Greek of Lucillius.

How falsely does Dorinda's glass
Reflect her face whene'er she views it;
If it told truth, I think the lass
Would seldom have a wish to use it.

Philip Smyth.

Good for Evil.

Hither dear Muse, I pray, and with thee bear
A madrigal for Melite the fair,
Evil with good repaying; for 'tis she
Who tempts me to oblivion of thee.

Richard Garnett.

On Woman.

Fair woman was made to bewitch,
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
A slave, or a tyrant, a blessing or curse;
Fair woman was made to be—which?

ON TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

I

LADY SUNDERLAND.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscovered to herself alone.

II

LADY MARY CHURCHILL.

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parents' wit and blooming face:
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

III

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

The line of Vere, so long renowned in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete:
They rose in valour and in beauty set.

IV

MISTRESS BARTON.

At Barton's feet the god of Love
His arrows and his quiver lays,
Forgets he has a throne above
And with this lovely creature stays.
Not Venus' beauties are more bright,
But each appear so like the other,
That Cupid has mistook the right,
And takes the nymph to be his mother.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

Dear Cupid (I cried) do consult with your mother
To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart!
Kind Cupid obeyed; Venus, too, played her part,
And my Chloe at length fell in love—with another!

To His Love, Whom He Had Kissed Against Her Will.

Alas, madam, for stealing of a kiss,
Have I so much your mind therein offended ?
Or have I done so grievously amiss,
That by no means it may not be amended ?
Revenge you then, the readiest way is this ;
Another kiss, my life it shall have ended,
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

On a Young-looking Old Lady.

Ancient Phyllis has young graces ;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one :
Shall I tell you how ?
She herself makes her own faces ;
And each morning wears a new one :
Where's the wonder now ?

John Byrom.

The Surprise.

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more—
" What ! love no more ? Oh ! why this altered vow ? "
Because I cannot love thee more—than now !

Thomas Moore.

Origin of the Red Rose.

As, erst, in Eden's blissful bowers,
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers,
An opening rose, of purest white,
She marked, with eyes that beamed delight.
Its leaves she kissed : and straight it drew
From Beauty's lip, the vermeil hue.

John Carey.

ON THE COQUETTE.

"Can you tell me," cried Celia to Damon, "from whence
I may know a coquette from a woman of sense?
Where the difference lies?" "Yes," said Damon, "I can;
Every man courts the one, t'other courts every man."

THE KISS: FROM THE FRENCH.

"Come kiss me," said Colin. I gently said "No!
For my mother forbids me to play with men so."
Abashed by my answer he slided away,
Though my looks pretty plainly advised him to stay.
Silly swain! not at all recollecting—not he,
That his mother ne'er said that he must not kiss me.

W. Shepherd.

ON A VERY BEAUTIFUL LADY.

Can forms like yours want ornaments of dress?
Beauty, like truth, shines most in nakedness.
While others dress, their lovers' hearts to warm,
You put on nothing but what veils a charm.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO RESTORE A LOCK OF HAIR HE HAD TAKEN FROM HER.

By one only recompense can I be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
That should I restore you the lock of your head,
You will give me the key of your heart.

ON BEING RALLIED BY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOR DULNESS IN CONVERSATION.

Ask me not thou, can I no thought afford
Mirth to create or sadness to beguile;
Thou smil'st so sweet ere I have spoke a word,
Why should I speak a word to make thee smile.

George Darley.

MODEST BEAUTY.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms, with edge resistless fall,
And she, who meant no mischief, does it all.

Aaron Hill.

THE NOSE: FROM THE LATIN OF LUCILLIUS.

Heavens! what a nose! Forbear to look,
Whene'er you drink in fount or brook.
For as the fair Narcissus died
When hanging o'er a fountain's side,
You, too, the limpid water quaffing,
May die, my worthy sir, with laughing.

Robert Bland.

ON SEEING MISS VASSALL, AFTERWARDS LADY HOLLAND, AT A MASQUERADE.

Imperial nymph! ill-suited is thy name
To speak the wonders of that radiant frame;
Where'er thy sovereign form on earth is seen,
All men are vassals—thou, alone, a Queen.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Man flattering man, not always can prevail,
But woman flattering man can never fail.

MATRIMONIAL: BLISSES AND MISSES

MATRIMONIAL: BLISSES AND MISSES

The Question Answered.

Why is a handsome wife adored
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man enquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire,
Shows Sheba's queen completely dressed,
And Solomon in regal vest:
But view them littered on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door,
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorraine's duke, and prince of Greece.

To Mrs. Houghton of Bourmont.

You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you,
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

Jonathan Swift.

His Heavenly Prospect.

What? rise again with all one's bones?
Quoth Giles, I hope you fib.
I trusted when I went to Heaven
To go without my rib.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

While Adam slept, from him his Eve arose:
Strange his first sleep should be his last repose.

PRONOUNCED DIFFERENCES.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now, so vain and full of pride—
Their husband's pockets brimming;
The ladies are so full of whim
That people call them women.

TO THE HUSBAND OF AN UGLY WIFE: FROM THE LATIN.

Your wife's possessed of such a face and mind,
So charming that, and this so soft and kind,
So smooth her forehead, and her voice so sweet,
Her words so tender and her dress so neat;
That would kind Jove, whence man all good derives,
In wondrous bounty send me three such wives,
Dear, happy, husband, take it on my word
To Pluto I'd give two, to take the third.

A CONJUGAL PROBLEM SOLVED.

Which is of greater value, prithee, say,
The bride or bridegroom?—Must the truth be told?
Alas, it must! The bride is given away;
The bridegroom's often regularly sold.

WHICH MEN ARE PREFERABLE.

Whether tall men or short men are best,
Or bold men, or modest and shy men,
I can't say, but this I protest,
All the fair are in favour of Hy-men.

FINE GROWING WEATHER.

Thro' Pancras Churchyard as two printers were walking,
Of princes and politics earnestly talking,
Says Robert to Richard (by way of digression):
"'Tis a very fine morning beyond all expression.
If this weather goes on," added he, looking round,
"'Twill bring everything charmingly out of the ground."
"Heaven forbid!" replied Richard, alertly, "for here
I buried two wives without shedding a tear."

ON MATCH-MAKERS.

Though matches are all made in heaven, they say,
Yet Hymen, who mischief oft hatches,
Sometimes deals with the house t'other side of the way,
And there they make Lucifer matches.

Samuel Lover.

ON MY WEDDING DAY.

This day, of all our days, has done
The worst for me and you:
'Tis just six years since we were one,
And five since we were two.

Lord Byron.

ON HIS MOTHER'S WEDDING RING.

The ring so worn, as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold:
The passion such it was to prove;
Worn with life's cares, yet love was love.

George Crabbe.

THE LIMIT: FROM THE GERMAN.

So great his passion for his bride, Louisa,
Sir Robert cannot talk of her enough.
He vows he would do anything to please her—
But absolutely cannot leave off snuff.

JOB'S LUCK.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the sly Devil did not take his spouse.

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Two-fold all Job had had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows,—
Short-sighted Devil, not to take his spouse!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A TREE OF MEMORIES—AND HOPE.

Says George to William, "Neighbour, have a care,
Touch not that tree—'tis sacred to despair;
Two wives I had, but, ah! that joy is past!
Who breathed upon those fatal boughs their last."
"The best in all the row, without dispute,"
Says Will, "would mine but bear such precious fruit!
When next you prune your orchard, save for me,
(I have a spouse) one scion of that tree.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair,
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live.

Matthew Prior.

ON A SON, FORBIDDEN TO MARRY UNTIL HE REACHES YEARS OF DISCRETION: FROM THE ITALIAN.

Poor Stephen is young, and lacks wisdom, 'tis said,
And therefore still longer must tarry;
If he wait though, methinks, till he's sense in his head,
I'll be sworn that he never will marry.

POINT OF VIEW.

Poor John, who lost his darling wife,
Went to a friend to sob and whine,
Who, grieved to see him so repine,
Exclaimed, "Good man, upon my life,
I wish your accident were mine."

ON MULTIPLE MATRIMONY.

I

He that's married once may be
Pardoned his infirmity.
He that marries twice is mad;
But, if you can find a fool
Marrying thrice, don't spare the lad,—
Flog him, flog him, back to school.

II

(From the Latin of Paschasius.)

Though marriage by some folks
Be reckoned a curse,
Three wives I did marry
For better or worse—
The first for her person,
The next for her purse,
The third for a warming-pan,
Doctress, and nurse.

Matrimonial Arithmetic.

Says Giles, "My wife and I are one;
Yet faith, I know not why, sir!"
Quoth Jack, "You're ten, if I speak true—
She's one, and you're a cipher."

On Woman's Resolution.

"Oh!" cried Arsenia, long in wedlock blessed,
Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
"Should death divide thee from thy doting wife,
What comfort could be found in widowed life?
How the thought shakes me!—Heaven, my Strephon save,
Or give the lost Arsenia half his grave."
Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approved;
"And should not wives, like this," said he, "be loved?
Take the soft sorrower at her word; and try
How deeply rooted woman's vows can lie."
'Twas said, and done—the tender Strephon died;
Arsenia two long months t'outlive him tried;
But in the third—alas!—became a bride.

On Wedlock.

No more, O Rome, thy wrong belief defend,
No more for seven sacraments contend:
Each wedded wretch can readily confute
Thy boasted arguments in this dispute;
For all, by sad experience taught, proclaim,
Penance and Matrimony are the same.

Capital Punishment.

If 'tis to marry when the knot is tied,
Why then they marry who at Tyburn ride;
And if that knot till death is loosed by none,
Why then to marry and be hanged's all one.

TRUE LOVE.

O'Leary was as poor as Job,
But love and poverty can please us,
He saw the widow Bonna-robe,
And loved—for she was rich as Crœsus.
Mutual the love their bosoms own;
Sincere was he, and none could doubt her—
She loved him for himself alone,
And he—he could not live without her!

TO HIS WIFE, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Of years I have now half a century past,
Yet not one of the fifty so blest as the last.
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
And my happiness still with my years should increase,
This defiance to nature's more general laws,
You alone can explain, who alone are the cause.

Charles James Fox.

THE PYTHIAN.

I am the sibyl of the right divine,
Who spoke the sayings of the Delphic shrine:
In after years this apophthegm recall—
"Marry the man who loves thee most of all";
And who he is thou never needest guess—
Who chatters more is he who loves thee less.

Eugene F. Ware.

TIME'S REVENGE.

Maria, just at twenty, swore
That no man less than six feet four
Should be her chosen one.
At thirty she is glad to fix
A spouse exactly four feet six,
As better far than none.

J. G. Saxe.

On a Golden Wedding.

No more let Calumny complain
That Hymen binds in cruel chain,
And makes his subjects slaves;
Supported by the good and wise
Her keenest slander he defies,
Her utmost malice braves.
To-day—he triumphs o'er his foes,
And to the world a pair he shows,
Though long his subjects—free:
Who happy in his bands appear,
And joyful call the fiftieth year
A year of jubilee.

Women and Marriage.

I

Lord Erskine, at women presuming to rail,
Calls a "wife a tin canister tied to our tail";
And the fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison:
But wherefore degrading? Considered aright—
A canister's polished, and useful, and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy, to whom it is tied.

M. G. Lewis.

II

When smitten with love from the eyes of the fair,
If marriage should not be your lot,
A ball from a pistol will end your despair—
It's safer than canister-shot.

Lord Erskine.

On Mrs. Dunch.

Oh Dunch! if fewer with thy charms are fired
Than when by Godfrey's name thou was admired;
'Tis not that marriage makes thee seem less fair,
But then we hoped, and now we must despair.

On Sir M. W——l's receiving three Letters by the same Post, acquainting Him with the Death of His Wife, His Mistress, and a Favourite Nag.

I've lost my mistress, horse and wife!
But, when I think on human life,
Am glad it is no worse.
My wife was ugly, and a scold;
My mistress was grown lean and old—
I'm sorry for my horse.

The Lady's Vows: from the Spanish.

Fair Phillis has fifty times registered vows,
That of Christian or Turk she would ne'er be the spouse,
For wedlock so much she disdained;
And neither of these she has married, 'tis true,
For now she's the wife of a wealthy old Jew,
And thus she her vow has maintained.

Matrimonial Amenities.

Loud brayed an ass. Quoth Kate, "My dear,
(To spouse, with scornful carriage)
One of your relatives I hear."
"Yes, love," said he, "by marriage."

The Choice: Altar or Halter.

Lo! here's the bride, and there's the tree,
Take which of these best liketh thee—
"The bargain's bad on either part—
But, hangman, come drive on the cart."

The Loved Husband.

"It is a maxim in the schools
That women always doat on fools."
"If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life."

Compensation.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;
She weds an idiot—but she eats on plate.

Concerning Good Wives.

Good wives to snails should be akin,
Always their houses keep within ;
But not to carry (fashion's hacks)
All they have upon their backs.
Good wives like echoes still should do,
Speak only when they're spoken to ;
But not like echoes (most absurd)
To have for ever the last word.
Good wives like city clocks should chime,
Be regular and keep in time ;
But not like city clocks aloud,
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

On a Wife's Portrait.

" How like is this picture, you'd think that it breathes !
What life ! What expression ! What spirit !
It wants but a tongue." " Oh, no ! " said the spouse,
" That want is its principal merit."

Adam—and Eve.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charmed he called that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.

Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.

He first deceased ; she for a little tried
To live without him : liked it not, and died.

Sir Henry Wotton.

MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean,
" What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven ? "
" There are no women," he replied.
She quick returns the jest :
" Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

Robert Dodsley.

MATRIMONIAL AMENITIES.

I

Cries Sue to Will, in matrimonial strife
" Cursed be the hour I first became your wife ! "
" By all the powers," said Will, " but that's too bad !
You've cursed the only civil hour we've had."

II

Dick told his spouse, " He durst be bold to swear,
What'er she prayed for, Heaven would thwart her prayer."
" Indeed," says Nell, " 'tis what I'm pleased to hear,
For now I'll pray for your long life, my dear."

ON A WINDOW AT THE FOUR CROSSES IN THE WATLING STREET ROAD, WARWICKSHIRE.

Fool, to put up four crosses at your door ;
Put up your wife, she's crosser than all four.

Jonathan Swift.

THE MERRY WIDOWER.

Cries Ned to his neighbours, as onward they pressed,
Conveying his wife to the place of long rest,
" Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure ? "

On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

Chloe, a coquette in her prime,
The vainest, ficklest thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty-five.
Thus weather-cocks that for a while
Have turned about with every blast,
Grown old and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

Connubial Loneliness.

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone;
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "not so;
But man and wife are one, you know,
And when alone I'm weary."

On Marriage.

I

Ask you, Nannette, why they report of Heaven
None marry there nor are in marriage given?
To coy Nannette shall I the truth declare—
Nor maid nor bachelor is admitted there.

II

That married souls in Heaven are blessed,
And none beside, these lines declare.
Cries Will, "Tis' scarcely to be guessed
What mighty merit sends them there."
Instant the wedded crowd replied—
"We purchase Heaven, and buy it dear;
For sure it cannot be denied
We live in Purgatory here."

A Joke Versified.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."—
"Why, so it is father—whose wife shall I take?"

Thomas Moore.

The Headstrong Wife.

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of 'larum runs;
Two phrases answer every part:
One gained, one breaks, her husband's heart;
"I will," she said, when made a bride—
"I won't," through all her life beside.

Samuel Bishop.

So They Said.

As Tom and his wife were disputing one day
Of their personal traits in a bantering way,
Quoth she, "Though my wit you disparage,
I'm certain, dear husband, our friends will attest,
Compared with your own, my judgment's the best."
Quoth Tom, "So they said—at our marriage!"

The First Pair.

Adam alone could not be easy,
So he must have a wife, an't please ye:
And how did he procure his wife
To cheer his solitary life?
Why, from a rib cut off his side
Was formed this necessary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
Pho! he slept sweetly all the while.
But when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form, to Adam's side,
How then, I pray you, did it answer?
He never slept so sweet again, sir!

On a Good Wife: from the Latin of Martial.

Blest in thy spirit, in thy husband blest,
Oh thou of wives most honoured, and the best;
Who your whole fortune to your consort spare;
And know no joy, in which he bears no share,
Evadne died in her lord's funeral flame;
Nor less immortal is Alceste's name;
Yet less did they, when they resigned their breath:
Late is the proof of love when after death.

William Hay.

On Airey, the Astronomer and Mathematician and His Beautiful Wife.

Airey alone has gained that double prize
Which forced musicians to divide the crown:
His works have raised a mortal to the skies,
His marriage vows have drawn an angel down.

Sydney Smith.

On a Student's Marriage.

(Ascribed to Sir Thomas More, this has been described as the first pointed epigram in the English language.)

A student at his book so placed
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did flit in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.
Now, who hath played a feater cast,
Since juggling first begun?
In knitting of himself so fast
Himself he hath undone.

Adam and Eve: from the French.

Adam with Eve had wagered kisses three
That none would miss an apple from the Tree.
She lost, but would not pay, and made a great to-do.
He stole the first—she gave the other two!

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

A fool and knave, with different views,
For Julia's hand apply:
The Knave, to mend his fortune, sues,
The fool, to please his eye.
Ask you, how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave—
If she's a knave, the fool.

Samuel Bishop.

CONVINCING.

By one decisive argument
Giles gained his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day.
"Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?
I shall not change my mind," she said—
"But then," says he, "I may."

W. B. Rhodes.

NATURAL TEARS.

After such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife:
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

Thomas Hood.

A MISTAKE.

I swore I loved, and you believed;
Yet, trust me, we were both deceived,
Though all I swore was true.
I loved one generous, good and kind—
A form created in my mind,
And thought that form was you.

THE MATRIMONIAL BALANCE: FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

"How strange a deaf wife to prefer!"
"True, but she's also dumb, good sir."

OPTICAL DELUSIONS.

Tom runs from his wife to get rid of his trouble;
He drinks—and he drinks—till he sees all things double;
But, when he has ceased the dire potions to mingle,
Oh, what would he not give to see himself single!

ON SEEING A POMPOUS FUNERAL FOR A BAD HUSBAND.

"Why for your spouse this pompous fuss?
Was he not all your life a curse?
Did he not tease, and scold, and fight,
And plague you, morning, noon and night?"
"True, but at length one single action
Made up for each past malefaction."
"Indeed, what was this action, pray?"
"Why sir, it was—he died one day!"

CONNUBIAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

I took you, deceiver, "for better for worse,"
Submitting to wedlock's hard fetter:
While your worse part has daily grown still more perverse,
I have not discovered your better.

ANECDOTAL AND MERELY FLIPPANT

ANECDOTAL AND MERELY FLIPPANT

Answer to Mrs. Howe's Question, What is Prudery?

What is prudery?
'Tis a beldam
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

Alexander Pope.

To a Lady in the Habit of Keeping Bank-Notes in Her Bible.

Your Bible, madam, teems with wealth,
Within the leaves it floats;
Delightful is the sacred text,
But heavenly are the notes.

On Leaving a Place in the Highlands Where He Had Been Kindly Entertained.

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

Robert Burns.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

When first I attempted your pity to move,
Ah! why were you deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs?

ON A QUAKER'S TANKARD.

Ye lie, friend Pindar! and friend Thales,
Nothing so good as water? Ale is.

Walter Savage Landor.

CHANGING FASHION.

Why, pray, of late, do Europe's Kings
No jester in their Courts admit?
They're grown such solemn, stately things
To hear a joke they think not fit.
But though each Court a jester lacks
To laugh at monarchs to their face,
The world at large, behind their backs,
Supply the honest jester's place.

THE WOODEN LEG: FROM THE FRENCH.

When 'gainst Calès the Gallic forces drove,
Machon, a soldier raw but smart by Jove!
To the tall rampart's height most boldly dashed,
When through his wooden leg a bullet crashed;
All right, he cried, I am not hurt a peg,
At home I've got in store another leg.

A REFLECTION.

When Eve upon the first of Men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not adamant!

Thomas Hood.

THE LIMIT OF LIGHTNESS.

I

What is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
The wind that wafts it far away.
What is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Nay! now, my friend, you have me fast.

II

Dust is lighter than a feather,
The wind much lighter is than either:
But, alas! frail womankind
Is far much lighter than the wind.
Friend, you mistake the matter quite,
How can you say that woman's light?
Poor Comus swears, throughout his life,
His heaviest plague has been his wife.

ON BEING DEAD DRUNK.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
And full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He walked in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied,
You may have forgot you were drunk when you died.

Matthew Prior.

ON THE LATIN GERUNDS.

When Dido's spouse to Dido would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Di, Do, Dumb!

On the Earls of Spencer and Sandwich.

I

Two noble earls, whom, if I quote,
Some folks might call me sinner,
The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner.
The plan was good, as some will say,
And fitted to console one,
Because, in this poor starving day,
Few can afford a whole one.

II

When Tom Macaulay's Indian sits,
Where London's ruins stretch afar,
Little he'll think of England's fame,
Of Waterloo and Trafalgar.
Yet England's Earls e'en then shall live,
Remembered by our tawny censor,
While yet he boasts his Sandwich box
And wraps him in his Spencer.

On the Hero of the Æneid.

Virgil, whose magic verse enthrals,—
And who, in verse, is greater ? —
By turns his wandering hero calls,
Now *pius* and now *pater*.
But when prepared the worst to brave—
An action that must pain us—
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him *Dux Trojanus*.
And well he changes thus the word,
On that occasion sure,—
Pius Æneas were absurd,
And *pater* premature !

ON TWO MILLERS OF MANCHESTER, NAMED BONE AND SKIN, WHO WANTED TO MONOPOLISE CORN.

Two millers thin
Called Bone and Skin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known
To Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

John Byrom.

ON THE TWO LOCKES.

Two Lockes in England have distinction claimed:
For thinking one, and one for eating famed.
That shone with lustre by the force of reason;
This figured chiefly in a ven'son season.
Knowledge and taste were by them both increased,
T'enrich a mental or corporeal feat.
Both a fine taste endeavoured to impart,
This had the body, that the mind at heart.

QUITS.

To John I owed great obligation,
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
Sure John and I are more than quit.

Matthew Prior.

ON THE TWO HARVEYS.

Two Harveys had a secret wish
To shine in different stations:
The first invented sauce for fish,
The second "Meditations."
One to good living was allied,
T'other to holy dying;
This relishes a sole when fried,
That saves a soul from frying.

George Colman.

ON THE FIRST BLOW.

"Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just"—
But four times he who gets the blow in fust.

H. W. Shaw (Josh Billings.)

THE OBVIOUS ALTERNATIVE.

"To this night's masquerade (quoth Dick)
By pleasure I am beckoned,
And think 'twould be a jolly trick
To go as Charles the Second."
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
"You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

A DOUBLE LACK.

They cannot be complete in aught
Who are not humorously prone—
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

Frederick Locker-Lampson.

ON A COLLEGE FELLOW WHO PRONOUNCED THE A IN EUPHRATES SHORT.

I

Venit ad Euphratum, rapidis perterritus undis,
Ut cito transiret, corripuit fluvium.

Richard Porson.

II

With fear, on the Euphrates' shore,
The wild waves made him shiver;
But he thought to pass more quickly o'er,
And so abridged the river.

To Arabella on Her Importuning for Money.

Dear Bell, to gain money sure silence is best—
For dumb-bells are fittest to open the chest.

James Smith.

The Fool and His Money.

Tom Goodfellow came to his fortune on Sunday,
And friends came to see him in dozens on Monday!
On Tuesday were with him to dinner and sup;
On Wednesday in honour of Tom kept it up.
On Thursday his friends set the dice-box afloat.
On Friday, by some means, Tom lost his last guinea,
And Saturday—Saturday saw an end of the ninny.

On the Death of the Giraffe.

They say, God wot!
She died upon the spot:
But then in spots she was so rich—
I wonder which?

Thomas Hood.

From the Latin of Martial.

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mixed I paid;
But when I thought the purchased liquor mine,
The rascal fobbed me off with only wine.

The Clown's Reply.

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved! without thinking of asses."

Oliver Goldsmith.

BROBDINGNAGIAN.

(A son of Bishop Douglas of Salisbury is said to have been well over six feet in height and of enormous bulk, so that when he went out small boys would gather about him. He was wont to shout down to them, "Get out of my way, you little scamps, or I will roll upon you.")

That the stones of our chapel are both black and white
Is most undeniably true;
But as Douglas walks o'er them both morning and night,
It's a wonder they're not black and blue.

George Canning.

THE DIFFERENCE.

We men have many faults,
Poor women have but two—
There's nothing good they say;
There's nothing good they do.

DRAT THAT CAT.

The cat that nightly haunts our gate,
How cordially we hate her!
Some night she'll come and mew till late,
But we will mutilate her!

THE ONLY WAY: FROM THE FRENCH.

That you cannot get rid of Thersander, you say
Though you've tried to accomplish it fifty times o'er:
I'll put you at once, my good friend, in the way—
Do but lend him ten pounds, and you'll ne'er see him more.

ON THE BANKRUPTCY OF A PERSON NAMED HOMER.

That Homer should a bankrupt be,
Is not so very *Odd-d'ye-see*:
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So *Ill-he-had* his books constructed.

ON A STATUE OF JUSTICE.

"Tell me why Justice meets our eye
Raised in the market place on high?"
"The reason, friend, may soon be told—
'Tis meant to show she's to be sold."

A TRIFLING CORRECTION.

Says Tom, who held great contracts of the nation,
"I've made ten thousand pounds by speculation."
Cries Charles, "By speculation! you deceive me;
Strike out the s, indeed, and I'll believe thee."

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

Says his landlord to Thomas, "Your rent I must raise,
I'm so plaguily pinched for the pelf."
"Raise my rent!" replies Thomas, "your honour's main good—
For I never can raise it myself!"

THE SLEEPING WATCHMAN.

Sound sleeps yon guardian of the night;
The hour's uncalled; youth rests no sweeter:
I thought he was a watch. "You're right
But a stop-watch, not a repeater."

QUANTUM SNUFF.

Knows he, who never took a pinch,
Nosey! the pleasure hence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joys
Which my nose knows?
Oh, nose! I am as proud of thee,
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel that joy
A Roman knows.

A. H. Forrester.

THE MELODRAMATIC.

Myrtle unsheathed his shining blade,
And fixed its point against his breast:
Then gazed upon the wondering maid,
And thus his dire resolve expressed:
"Since, cruel fair, with cold disdain,
You still return my raging love,
Thought is but madness, life but pain,
And thus—at once—I both remove!"
"O, stay one moment,"—Chloe said,
And, trembling, hastened to the door:
"Here, Betty! quick!—a pail, dear maid!
This madman else will stain the floor."

THE LAW EPIGRAMMATISED VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Once (says an author, where I need not say)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While scale in hand Dame Justice passed along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explained the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed, so rarely well,
There, take (says Justice), take ye each a shell,
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace. Adieu!

Alexander Pope.

UPON ONE STEALING A POUND OF CANDLES.

Light-fingered Catch, to keep his hands in ure,
Stole anything; of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own which once he handles,
For practice sake, did steal a pound of candles;
Was taken in the act: oh, foolish wight!
To steal such things as needs must come to light.

THE REASON WHY.

I cannot comprehend, says Dick,
What 'tis that makes my legs so thick ;
You cannot comprehend, says Harry,
How great a calf they have to carry.

Horace Smith.

ON DR. ABEL EVANS, BURSAR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXON. CUTTING DOWN A FINE ROW OF TREES.

Indulgent Nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes :
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox ;
Lambs fly from wolves ; and sailors steer from rocks ;
Evans the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

Between Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turned out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banished from mine.

Thomas Moore.

THE USUAL WEAPON.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
" Like Samson, I my thousands slay."
" I vow," quoth Roger, " so you do,
And with the self-same weapon, too."

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A CERTAIN COUNT FOR ITALY, WHENCE HE SENT SOME ITALIAN MUSIC IN SCORE FOR THE OPERA.

He has quitted the Countess ; what can she wish more ?
She loses her husband—and gets back a score.

Samuel Rogers.

ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE STATUES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

If Nelson looks down on a couple of Kings,
However it pleases the loyals;
'Tis after the fashion of nautical things
A sky-scraper over the royals.

Thomas Hood.

NATIONAL BANTER.

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintained the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welshman nought his brags abate.
Ten cooks (quoth he) in Wales one wedding sees.
True, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

Henry Parrot.

THE LIMIT.

Frank, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas. Come, said I,
Give me a pen; it is but fair
You take my note. Quoth he: Hold, there,
Jack, to the cash I've bid adieu,
No need to waste my paper, too!

FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERY.

A watch lost in a tavern! That's a crime;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time,
The watch kept time; and if time will away,
I see no reason why the watch should stay.
You say the key hung out; you failed to lock it;
Time will not be kept prisoner in a pocket.
Henceforth, if you will keep your watch, this do—
Pocket your watch and watch your pocket, too.

SUCCESSFUL VILLAINY: FROM THE FRENCH OF GOMBAUD.

By showering wealth and titles splendid
On thee, the basest of the bad!
It seems that Fortune sure intended
To drive insulted virtue mad.

R. A. Davenport.

ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.

Bestride an ant, a pigmy great and tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall.
Under th'unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
"Behold, base envious world, now, now laugh on,
For thus I fall, and thus fell Phæton."

Thomas Sprat.

ON THE BUILDING OF A POWDER MAGAZINE.

Behold! a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

Jonathan Swift.

EUREKA!

"Friend Tom," says Ned, "I've viewed the world around;
Disinterestedness I ne'er have found."
"I must," quoth Tom, "from your opinion vary:
For I have found it—in the Dictionary."

ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

As late the Trades' Unions, by way of a show,
O'er Westminster Bridge strutted five in a row,
"I feel for the bridge," whispered Dick, with a shiver,
"Thus tried by the mob, it may sink in the river."
Quoth Tom, a crown lawyer, "Abandon your fears;
As a bridge, it can only be tried by its piers."

James Smith.

SELF REVEALED.

[Dr. Jowett was permitted by the head of his college to cultivate a small strip of vacant ground. This giving rise to much jesting Jowett did away with his garden and made it into a gravel patch, and that is said to have given rise to many *jeux d'esprit* of which the following has survived.]

A little garden little Jowett made,
And fenced it with a little palisade;
Because this garden made a little talk
He changed it to a little gravel walk;
Now, if you'd know the mind of little Jowett
This little garden doth a little show it.

Richard Porson.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL FOR HER ALBUM.

An original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write,—but how shall I begin
For I fear I have nothing original in me—
Excepting Original Sin.

Thomas Campbell.

ON A CERTAIN DUKE.

Ask you why gold and velvet bind
The temples of that cringing thief?
Is it so strange a thing to find
A toad beneath a strawberry leaf?

ON THIN ICE.

A Justice walking o'er the frozen Thames,
The ice about him round began to crack,
He said to's man, Here is some danger, James,
I pr'ythee help me over on thy back.

THE PERFECT DINNER.

A round table, holding eight;
A hearty welcome, and little state;
One dish set on at a time;
As plain as you please, but always prime;
Beer for asking for—and in pewter;
Servants who don't require a tutor,—
Talking guests and dumb waiters,
Warm plates and hot potatoes.

TO A DOCTOR WHO ADVISED DRINKING ASSES' MILK.

And, Doctor, do you really think
That asses' milk I ought to drink?
'Twould quite remove my cough you say,
And drive all old complaints away,
It cured yourself; I grant that's true;
But then 'twas mother's milk to you.

John Wolcot.

A GOOSE'S REASON.

A goose, my grandam one day said,
Entering a barn pops down its head.
I begged her then the cause to show.
She said that she must waive the task,
For nothing but a goose would ask,
What nothing but a goose could know.

ON A WELSHMAN.

A man of Wales, betwixt St. David's day and Easter,
Ran in his hostess' score, for cheese great store, a tester:
His hostess chalks it up behind the door,
And says, For cheese, come sir, discharge this score:
Cot zounds, quoth he, what meaneth these?
D'ye think hur know not chalk from cheese?

RETALIATION.

A Pat, an old joker, and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together a gallows passed by;
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,
Give the gallows its due, and pray where would you be?"
"Why, honey," says Pat, "faith, that's easily known;
I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."

ON ENCLOSING A COMMON.

A Lord that purposed, for his more avail,
To compass in a common with a rail,
Was reckoning with his friends about the cost
And charge of every rail and every post;
But one that wished his greedy humour crossed
Said "Sir, provide you posts, and, without failing
Your neighbours round about will find you railing.

Sir John Harington.

CONCERNING TROUSERS.

I

All mortal things are frail—and go to pot;
What wonder then if mortal trousers rot?
My velvet torn, I shone in mimic shag:
Those soon grew rusty, and began to flag.
Buckskin was greasy, serge de nym was queer;
Camblet was airy, but how apt to tear!
Quoth I, "Sir Pricklouse, shall we try a rug?"
"Yes, sir," says he, "that sure will hold a tug."
Ah! no, the rug decayed, like all the past,
Even everlasting would not ever last.
At length, guess how I fixed it—why in troth
With projects tired I stuck to common cloth.

II

The garb, Dutch or Cossack, in which our beau kind
Parade up and down, all so spruce,
Of two towns in France ever put me in mind,
And these are Toulon and Toulouse.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A mechanic his labour will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it strikes.

Thomas Hood.

ON A LITTLE MAN WITH A VERY LARGE BEARD: FROM THE ARABIC.

A man like thee scarce e'er appeared—
A beard like thine, where shall we find it?
Surely thou cherishest thy beard
In hopes to hide thyself behind it.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle.

ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE FROM COLOGNE.

i

As I am a rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.

ii

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two and seventy stenches
All well-defined and separate stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

ON LIFE.

I

The world is but an opera show,—
We come, look round, and then we go.

II

I wouldn't live for ever;
I wouldn't if I could:
But I needn't fret about it;
For I couldn't if I would.

COMPARATIVE MORE THAN SUPERLATIVE.

No nutmeg can the largest be in nature:
The greatest one may come across a grater.

Richard R. Fielder.

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A MODERN EPIC.

An epic poem should be as sweet as manna,
But this, by Jove! is ipecacuanha.

Thomas Campbell.

OF MAN AND WOMAN.

An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass,
Resemble man's life, as it were in a glass.
Apish they are until twenty-and-one;
Bold as a lion till forty is gone;
Cunning as foxes till threescore-and-ten;
They then become asses, and no more are men.
A dove, a sparrow, a parrot, a hen,
Resemble the life of a woman.
Gentle as doves until fourteen is o'er;
Loving as sparrows till thirty or more;
Prating as parrots till three score-and-ten;—
They then become hens, and are no more women.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS

Written on Receiving a Slight at the Inn at Inverary.

Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he comes to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.
There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.

Robert Burns.

On a Bad Bachelor: from the French of Nicolas Selis.

Within this grave a bachelor lies,
By follies and by vices only known!
Ah! when in death his father closed his eyes,
Why could there not be written on his stone—
Within this grave a bachelor lies!

R. A. Davenport.

On Wearing the Leek.

Why on St. David's Day do Welshmen seek
To beautify their hats with verdant leek,
Of nauseous smell? For honour 'tis, hur say,
Dulce et decorum est pro patria.
Right, sir, to die or fight, it is, I think;
But how is't *dulce*, when you for it stink?

On Dutch Courage.

Who only in his cups will fight, is like
A clock that must be oiled well ere it strike.

Thomas Bancroft.

MODERN DRESS.

I

When dressed for the evening, the girls now-a-days
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them; for what is an evening dress
But a dress that is suited for Eve?

II

What is the reason, can you guess,
Why men are poor, and women thinner?
So much they spend on dinner dress,
There's nothing left to dress for dinner.

ON BELL-RINGERS: FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Ye rascals of ringers, ye merciless foes,
And disturbers of all who are fond of repose,
How I wish, for the quiet and peace of the land,
That ye wore round your necks what you hold in your hand!

ON WOMAN'S WILL—AND MAN'S.

I

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

II

That woman's wrong who tries by force or skill
To stop the torrent of a man's self-will;
For if he says he won't, he will, you may depend on't;
And if he says he will, he won't, and there's an end on't.

III

Men dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

J. G. Saxe.

THE SWISS AND THE FRENCHMAN.

To a Swiss, a gay Frenchman, in company said,
"Your soldiers are forced, sir, to fight for their bread,
Whilst for honour alone the French rush to the field;
So your motives to ours, sir, must certainly yield."
"By no means," cried the other, "pray why should you boast?
Each fights for the thing he's in need of the most."

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.
'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.
I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.
Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom at an inn.
Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

William Shenstone.

ON TWO ROGUES, NAMED ATKINSON, 1784.

To rob the public two contractors come,
One deals in corn, the other cheats in rum;
Which is the greater rogue, ye wits, explain,
A rogue in spirit or a rogue in grain?

CONCLUSIVE.

To purify their wine some people bleed
A lamb into the barrel, and succeed;
No nostrum, planters say, is half so good
To make fine sugar, as a negro's blood.
Now lambs and negroes both are harmless things,
And thence perhaps this wondrous virtue springs:
'Tis in the blood of innocence alone—
Good cause why planters never try their own.

William Cowper.

ON TITAS.

Titas, the brave and valorous young gallant,
Three years together in this town hath been,
Yet my Lord Chancellor's tomb he hath not seen,
Nor the new water-works, nor the elephant.
I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
He hath been in the *Compter* all the while.

Sir John Davies.

THE WATER TURNED TO WINE: FROM THE LATIN OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in reddening tide it gushed,
The bashful stream hath seen its God, and blushed.

Aaron Hill.

PÆTUS AND ARRIA: FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

When Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cried,
What Pætus is to do—I feel.

John Hoadly.

On a Ventriloquist.

The stomach is a thrifty thing;
So Juvenal of old did sing:
I deemed his saying was not sooth;
But now experience proves its truth,
For here is one whose stomach's feats
Procure the food his stomach eats.

On a Caricature, in which Three Westminster Boys Appear Placed in a Pair of Scales, Outweighing an Equal Number of Etonians.

I

What mean ye, by this print so rare,
Ye wits, of Eton jealous,
But that we soar aloft in air,
While ye are heavy fellows?

George Canning.

II

Cease, ye Etonians! and no more
With rival wits contend;
Feathers, we know, will float in air,
And bubbles will ascend.

Theodore Hook.

On Fashion.

What's fashionable, I'll maintain
Is always right, cries sprightly Jane.
Ah, would to heaven, cries graver Sue,
What's right were fashionable too.

On the Abbey Church of Bath.

These walls, well filled with monument and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.

On the New Half-Farthings.

"Too small for any marketable shift,
What purpose can there be for coins like these?"
Hush, hush, good sir!—Thus charitable Thrift
May give a mite to him who wants a cheese!

Thomas Hood.

To Pontius Pilate, Washing His Hands.

Thy hands are washed, but, O, the water's spilt,
That laboured to have washed thy guilt:
The flood, if any be that can suffice
Must have its fountain in thine eyes.

Richard Crashaw.

Returning Good for Evil.

"'Tis noble, sure, in you to praise the man
Who evil speaks of you the whole day long."
"Well, we should always praise where'er we can,
But here, perhaps, we both are in the wrong."

From the Latin of Buchanan, 1600.

Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee;
But spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

On Beer.

"These beershops," quoth Barnabas, speaking in alt,
"Are ruinous—down with the growers of malt!"
"Too true," answers Ben, with a shake of the head,
"Wherever they congregate, honesty's dead.
That beer breeds dishonesty causes no wonder,
'Tis nurtured in crime—'tis concocted in plunder;
In Kent, while surrounded by flourishing crops,
I saw a rogue picking a pocket of hops."

James Smith.

DISINHERITED.

Thy father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor. Thou hast good title still.

John Donne.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD EPIGRAMMATISED.

[These lines, which are recurrently discussed and often regarded as traditional, do not form a very pointed epigram yet possess a quality of terseness which has, as to the first part, fixed them as a popular quotation. They are it may be said no older than *Punch* in the pages of which they appeared.]

The rule of the road is a paradox quite
Both in riding and driving along;
If you go to the left you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right you go wrong:
But in walking the streets 'tis a different case,
To the right it is right you should bear,
To the left should be left quite enough of free space
For the persons you chance to meet there.

ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

The sage, who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allowed
That might not be confessed;
His window scrawled by every rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

Jonathan Swift.

DRY RETORT.

Thou swears't thou'lt drink no more: kind heaven, send
Me such a cook or coachman, but no friend.

On the Derivation of the Word News.

The word explains itself, without the muse,
And the four letters speak from whence comes News:
From North, East, West, South, the solution's made,
Each quarter gives accounts of wars and trade.

Spirits.

[The following lines are often said to have been improvised by Theodore Hook on passing a chapel built over a wine vault. In 1866 it is stated that the lines were then to be seen carved on the wall of a chapel in Edinburgh built over an old wine and spirit vault.]

There is Spirit above, and spirit below
The one is of joy, the other of woe.
The Spirit above is the Spirit divine;
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

On My Thirty-Third Birthday.

Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three and thirty.
What have these years left to me?
Nothing—except thirty-three.

Lord Byron.

Time Speaks: from the French of Voltaire.

There's scarce a point whereon mankind agree
So well, as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing, but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind.

Paper Money.

The privilege, hard money to demand,
It seems but fair the public should surrender;
For I confess I ne'er could understand,
Why cash called hard should be a legal tender.

VERY SMALL BEER.

The only fair traders in London that are,
Are those that brew beer for the table;
They tell us they'll give us small beer for our fare,
And they brew it as small as they're able.

ON A RELIGIOUS CENSORIOUS WOMAN.

The law and the gospels you always have by you,
But for truth and good-nature they seldom come nigh you:
In short, my good creature, the matter of fact is,
You daily are learning what never you practise.

GERMANS AND GREEK.

The Germans, in Greek,
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in five score,
But ninety-five more,—
All, save only Herman,
And Herman's a German.

Richard Porson.

ON FOLLOWING FRENCH FASHION.

The formal ape endeavours, all he can,
With antic tricks to imitate a man;
Parisian fops no less ambitious seem
To have a face, an air, a tail like them.
From whom our taste thus only disagrees,
These mimic apes,—and we but mimic these.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS: FROM THE LATIN OF JOHN MILTON.

Praise in old times the sage Prometheus won,
Who stole ætherial radiance from the sun;
But greater he, whose bold invention strove
To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

William Cowper.

A Matter of Taste.

I

The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For nature, that to them gave *goût*
To us gave only gout.

Thomas, Lord Erskine.

II

Condemn not in such haste
To letters four appealing;
Their "*goût*" is only taste,
The English "gout" is feeling.

Written Upon a Window Where There Was No Writing Before.

Thanks to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free!
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

Jonathan Swift.

The Two Congreves.

The Congreve of a former age
Filled many a sheet with wit;
In lieu whereof, our modern sage
With gunpowder fills it.
Thus, while the works of one endure
As long as things have names,
T'others are only made to be
Committed to the flames.

On a Sailor Riding, Being Thrown on the Neck of His Horse.

Spectator, cease your cruel glee,
From taunting jests refrain,
Sure 'tis no wondrous thing to see
A sailor on the mane!

Potency of Speech.

That speech surpasses force is no new whim:
Jove caused the heavens to tremble; Juno him.

Dress-Made Gentleman.

Sir, can you tell where young Pandorus lives,
That was surnamed here the prodigal;
He that so much for his silk stockings gives,
Till nought is left to buy him shoes withal?
Oh blame him not, to make what show he can,
How else should he be thought a gentleman?

Henry Parrot.

On a Blockhead Who Censured a Man of Genius for His Want of Presence of Mind.

Presence of mind he has not, I agree;
Had'st thou his absence it were well for thee:
His thoughts are o'er the Universe! vain elf,
Thine never quit that little world,—thyself!

George Darley.

On a Valetudinarian: from the Arabic.

So careful is Isa and anxious to last,
So afraid of himself is he grown,
He swears through two nostrils the breath goes too fast,
And he's trying to breathe through but one.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle.

In the Album of a Child.

Small service is true service while it lasts,
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one,
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

William Wordsworth.

To the Vizir Cassim Obid Allah, on the Death of One of His Sons: from the Arabic.

Poor Cassim! thou art doomed to mourn
By destiny's decree;
Whatever happen it must turn
To misery for thee.
Two sons hadst thou, the one thy pride,
The other was thy pest;
Ah, why did cruel death decide
To snatch away the best?
No wonder thou should'st droop with woe,
Of such a child bereft;
But now thy tears must doubly flow,
For ah! — the other's left.

J. D. Carlyle.

Dissimilarity and Similitude.

Satyrs and fauns on Tempe's lawns
Crept forth from holes and corners;
But now-a-days how wide the space
'Twixt satirists and fawners.

Hard Words.

Quoth David to Daniel, "Why is it these scholars
Abuse one another whenever they speak?"
Quoth Daniel to David, "It nat'rally follers
Folks come to hard words if they meddle with Greek."

J. G. Saxe.

On Satire.

Satire, should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

The Decanter: from the Greek.

O thou that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck, and single ear,
With well-turned narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence;
'Tis thou that first the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the Nine;
That mirth and soft delight can move;
Sacred to Venus, and to love;
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty I,
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

On a Memory-Monger.

Parrat protests 'tis he, and only he,
Can teach a man the art of memory;
Believe him not, for he forgot it quite,
Being drunk, who 'twas that caned his ribs last night.

Robert Herrick.

On a Dull Debate in the House of Commons.

No wonder the debate fell dead
'Neath such a constant fire of lead.

How Old Are You?

O wherefore our age be revealing?
Leave that to the registry books!
A man is as old as he's feeling,
A woman as old as she looks.

Mortimer Collins.

To a Friend on Receiving a Brace of Woodcocks.

My thanks I'll no longer delay
For birds which you've shot with such skill;
But, though there was nothing to pay,
Yet each of them brought in a bill.
I mean not, my friend, to complain;
The matter was perfectly right;
And, when bills such as these come again,
I'll always accept them at sight.

From the Greek.

On Stygian banks, Diogenes the wise
Bursts into laughter when he Crœsus spies;
And thus bespeaks, in threadbare cloak and old,
The monarch famous for his gathered gold:
I, nothing leaving, all to Charon bear;
Thou, Crœsus, rich on earth, hast nothing here.

On Speech.

On Folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell:
Wisdom speaks little—but that little well.
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray;
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

Samuel Bishop.

The Test.

Not drunk is he, who from the floor
Can rise alone, and still drink more:
But drunk is he who prostrate lies,
Without the power to drink or rise.

Thomas Love Peacock.

The Midas Touch.

Midas, they say, possessed the art of old
Of turning whatsoe'er he touched to gold.
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease;
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

GRACE AND STRENGTH.

Manoah's son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TO A DEBTOR.

Money thou owest me: prithee fix a day
For payment promised, though thou never pay:
Let it be doomsday; nay, take longer scope—
Pay when thou'rt honest, let me have some hope.

Robert Herrick.

ON TWO SCHOOLMISTRESSES: BY A PUPIL.

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel.
How different from us
Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

THE THIEF AND THE SUICIDE: FROM THE GREEK.

I

Jack, finding gold, left a rope on the ground;
Bill, missing his gold, used the rope which he found.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

II

A man was about to hang himself,
Finding a purse, then threw away his rope;
The owner, coming to reclaim his pelf,
The halter found and used it. So is Hope
Changed for Despair—one laid upon the shelf,
We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
Fortune is God—all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD: FROM THE GREEK OF LEONIDAS.

Lysippe's infant neared the steep cliff's brow,
And instant would have passed to depths below;
But the fond, love-taught mother bared her breast,
And back he sprung to that safe home of rest.

ON SELF APPLAUSE.

John puffs himself. Forbear to chide:
An insect, vile and mean,
Must, well he knows, be magnified
Before it can be seen.

ON A LIBELLER.

Lie on! while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

Robert Craggs, Earl Nugent.

ON KINSMEN AND FRIENDS.

I have some kinsfolk rich, but passing proud,
I have some friends, but poor and passing willing;
The first would gladly see me in my shroud,
Which in the last would cause the tears distilling:
Now which of these love I? so God me mend,
Not a rich kinsman, but a willing friend.

Thomas Freeman.

ON LETTERS.

Letters from absent friends, extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's power were mean,
For minds could then meet minds with heaven between.

Aaron Hill.

ON AN AGED FRIBBLE.

Like the high Alp the head of Clodio shows,
Though odd perhaps the simile may sound;
Without as white as its eternal snows,
Within as barren as its rocky ground.

Margravine of Anspach.

THE COMMON LOT.

Killed by an omnibus—why not?
So quick a death a boon is.
Let not his friends lament his lot—
Mors omnibus communis.

Henry Luttrell.

THE HEIR.

I owe, says Metius, much to Colon's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir.
True, Metius; hence your fortunes take their rise—
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

Leonard Welsted.

ON AN IMAGINARY JOURNEY TO THE CONTINENT.

I went to Frankfort and got drunk,
With that most learn'd professor—Brunck;
I went to Worts, and got more drunken,
With that more learn'd professor—Runchen.

Richard Porson.

THE MISER'S WILL.

"I give and devise (old Euclio said)
My lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, sir?" "My money! sir, what all?
Why, well then, if I must—I give it Paul."
"The manor, sir?" "The manor! hold!" he cried,
"I will not, cannot, part with that"—and died.

Alexander Pope.

MATTER FOR WONDER.

I wondered not when I was told,
The venal Scot his country sold;
But this I very much admire,
Where the deuce he found a buyer!

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS: FROM THE LATIN OF JOHN OWEN.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

William Cowper.

NOMINAL DISTINCTION.

It seems as if nature had curiously plann'd,
That men's names with their trades should agree;
There's Twining, the Tea-man, who lives in the Strand,
Would be *whining* if robbed of his T.

Theodore Hook.

THE HUMORIST: FROM MARTIAL.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

Joseph Addison.

ON THE ENCLOSURE ACTS.

It is a fault in man or woman
To steal a goose from off a common—
But it admits of less excuse
To steal a common from a goose.

ON THE SCOTS.

Indians assert, that, wheresoe'er they roam,
If slain, they reach again their native home:
If ev'ry nation held this maxim right,
Not English bread would make a Scotchman fight.

OF SPEECH.

If you from slips
Would keep your lips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

I laugh, joke, quarrel, fiddle, dance, game, drink,
Do all that mortal man can do—but think.

FIVE REASONS FOR DRINKING.

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or, lest we should be by-and-by,
Or, any other reason why.

Henry Aldrich.

TO THE MENDACIOUS.

i

If the guilt of all lying consists in deceit,
Lie on—'tis your duty, sweet youth!
For believe me, then only we find you a cheat
When you cunningly tell us the truth.

ii

As Dick and I at Charing Cross were walking
Whom should we see on t'other side pass by
But Informator with a stranger talking,
So I exclaimed, "Lord, what a lie!"
Quoth Dick—"What, can you hear him?"
"Hear him! stuff!
I saw him open his mouth—an't that enough?"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

On the Adulteration of Bread.

How shocking 'tis our fate to dread,
By dealing with our baker!
And, while we eat our daily bread,
Befriend the undertaker!
Death oft by pistol, sword, or knife,
Inflicts a mortal wound:
But who would think the staff of life
Would fell us to the ground!

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, Which I Gave to His Royal Highness.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

Alexander Pope.

Inscription for a Spring at Blenheim.

Here quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity;
Who while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

Thomas Warton.

Pointless Epigrams.

i

How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me Thomson, to declare;
Thomson, Dixon's Jackson's heir.

ii

Jones eats his lettuces undressed—
D'you ask the reason? 'Tis confessed
That is the way Jones likes them best.

OBVIOUS.

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or move; if he says true, he *lies*.

John Donne.

LONDON EPIGRAMMATISED.

Houses, churches, mixed together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates—a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple,—all conditions;
Worth—beneath a thread-bare cover,
Villainy, bedaubed all over;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow—not unwilling;
Many a bargain, if you strike it,
This is London—how d'ye like it?

THE REBEL SCOT.

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom—
Not forced him wander, but confined him home.

John Cleiveland.

On Arithmetic and Geometry.

Hail, heavenly pair! by whose conspiring aid
The beauteous fabric of the world was made!
Led on by you, audacious men forget
The narrow bounds by envious Nature set;
To yon bright mansions soar with happy flight,
Survey the starry realms, and range through worlds of light!

Henry Needley.

On a Verbose Speaker.

His speeches to an hour-glass
Do some resemblance show;
Because the longer time they run
The shallower they grow.

On Rome.

Hate and debate, Rome through the world hath spread,
Yet Roma *amor* is, if backward read;
Then is it strange Rome hate should foster? No!
For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

On Self-Conceit.

Hail charming power of self-opinion!
For none are slaves in thy dominion;
Secure in thee the mind's at ease;
The vain have only one to please.

Truly Mourned: from the German.

Grudge leaves the poor his whole possessions nearly:
He means his next of kin shall weep sincerely.

An Average Friend.

Flam, to my face, is oft too kind,
He over-rates both worth and talents:
But then he never fails, I find,
When we're apart—to strike the balance.

On the Beaux.

As Ovid sings, Narciss' of old admired
A shade, and for the empty form expired;
Love's god, relenting of his killing power,
Gave him the life that animates a flower.
Hence future beaux, so love ordained, were made
Gay as a flower, but empty as a shade.

Maternal Love: from the German of Wernicke.

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath
A mother's love begins—it glows till death—
Lives before life—with death not dies—it seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.

A Taste of Summer.

Exceeding cold, in frost and snow
I set my nose to the rummer;
Till swallow after swallow made
Me almost think it summer.

On an Ignorant Sot.

Five letters his life and his death will express;
He scarce knew A.B.C., and died of X.S.

A Keeper of Secrets.

Charles keeps a secret well, or I'm deceived:
For nothing Charles can say will be believed.

The Devil's Choice.

"Honest Pat, if the Devil his choice could make,
Which of us d'ye suppose he first would take?"
"Why, 'tis me, to be sure, he would carry away;
Your honour, he knows, he could have any day."

To an Odd Gentleman.

In Noah's day if you had lived,
He'd have been puzzled what to do;
The Lord knows how he'd have contrived
To find a second one like you.

Begone, Dull Care!

Come, fill the bowl!—oh! fill it up—
Shun schoolmen's lore to-night:
The well Truth dwells in is the cup
That sparkles ruby-bright.
Count not the minutes as they pass,
Nor at old Time repine,
But shake the sands from out his glass,
And fill it up with wine.

COUNTY L

INDEX

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Abel! prescribe thyself	103
A blind man is a poor man	58
Accept a miracle	153
Accept this advice	67
Acon his right	162
Adam alone could not	181
Adam with Eve had wagered	182
Adorn not more your body	59
A drop of amber	68
Ægle, beauty and poet	151
A fool and knave	183
A friend I met	67
After careful meditation	60
After such years of dissension	183
Age is the heaviest burden	59
A goose, my grandam	201
Airey alone has gained	182
A joke (cries Jack)	134
A Justice walking	200
Alas, madam, for stealing	164
A learned work, Severus	72
A little garden, little Jowett	200
A little stealing is a	60
All Memory's Pleasures his	84
All mortal things are frail	202
All Natures charms in Sunderland	163
All smatterers are	86
All things decay with time	60
A loose he gave to his	73
A Lord that purposed	202
A man like thee scarce	203
A man of Wales	201
A man was about	221
Amazed I view	96
A mechanic his labour	203
A millstone and the human	60
An ape, a lion, a fox	204
Anchises, Paris, and Adonis	94
Ancient Phyllis has young graces	164
And, Doctor, do you really	201
And why so stupid	59
An epic poem should	204
An epigram should be	10
"A new commandment"	86
An original something	200
Antonius is arrived	58
A Pat, an old joker	202
A peaceful sway	16
A plague on Egypts arts	92
A poem read without a name	86
A point within an epigram	10
A queen by birth	15
Are these the choice dishes	79
Arise, ye glimmering stars of wit	86
A roll of parchment	61
A rose that breathes	59
A round table, holding eight	201
Arrayed in matchless beauty	22
Art for Art's sake	85
As by the Templar's holds	113
As Dick and I	225
As, erst, in Eden's	164

	PAGE
As I am a rhymer	203
As in smooth oil	11
Ask me not thou	165
Ask you, Nannette	180
Ask you why gold	200
As lamps burn silent	166
As late the Trades Unions	199
As Ovid sings	229
As Sherlock at Temple	107
As Sherlock the elder	107
As Tom and his wife	181
A student at his book	182
At Barton's feet	163
At Eton school	127
Athens called Sophocles	78
A train of gay	61
At ten a child	61
"Attend your Church"	107
Augustus still survives	19
A very pretty public stir	112
A vicar, long ill	108
A watch lost in a tavern	198
A Welshman and an Englishman	198
Bad fortune is a fancy	62
"Bear and forbear"	60
Behold! a proof	199
Behold the serjeant	114
Believe not each aspiring	58
Bestride an ant	199
Between Adam and me	197
Big fleas have little fleas	61
Black Tragedy lets slip	93
Blest in thy spirit	182
Bloomfield, thy happy	82
Bold thief, indeed!	66
Bright ran thy line, O Galloway	127
Britain with Greece and	77
But if thy ruby lip	15
By a Ravenna vintner	193
By one decisive argument	183
By one only recompense	165
By our preacher perplexed	108
By reason similar I prove	111
By showering wealth	199
Can forms like yours	165
"Can you tell me?"	165
Cease from thy cares and toils	56
Cease, mourners, cease	57
Cease, ye Etonians!	211
Celia her sex's foible shuns	181
Chantrey invented the best	96
Charles keeps a secret well	229
Charmed with a drink	87
Cheat not yourselves	58
Chloe, a coquette	180
Chloris, I swear	164
Circles are praised	58
Clothed in his filth	82
Cloyed with ragoûts	53
"Come, come," said Tom's father	181
Come, fill the bowl	230
Come, gentle sleep!	57
"Come kiss me," said Colin	165
Condemn not in such haste	216
Contemplate, when the Sun	57
Coscus, thou sayst	11
Could Homer come himself	82
Cries Ned to his neighbours	179
Cries Sue to Will	179
Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean	179
Cythera, from this craggy steep	92
Damis, an author cold	88

	PAGE
Dear Bell, to gain money	193
Dear Cupid (I cried)	163
Dear Tom, take advice	118
Death's due demanded	63
Death stands above me	65
Deluded men these holds	113
Dexionica, with a limed	162
Dick told his spouse.	179
Did Celia's person	122
Did he who thus inscribed	31
Die when you will	154
"Do this," cries one side	31
Do you remember me?	139
Drink wine, and live here	59
Driven from the North	96
Dust is lighter	189
Each Bond Street buck	57
Eagle! Why soarest	3
Enthusiasts, Lutherans and monks	82
Ere yet her child	229
Example is better than precept	109
Exceeding cold, in frost and snow	229
Extremes of fortune.	62
Fair as the blushing grape	155
Fairest and latest	163
Fair Phillis has fifty times	177
Fair woman was made to bewitch	162
Faith, Hope and Love were questioned	63
Famed for contemptuous breach.	25
Farewell, Sir Walter Scott.	84
Far happier are the dead	61
Fill the bowl with rosy wine	62
Firm and erect the Caledonian	22
Five letters his life	229
Flam, to my face	228
Flavia the least and lightest toy	161
Fool, to put up four crosses	179
Foote, from this earthly stage	80
For Buckingham to hope to pit	29
For every ill beneath the sun	54
For fifty years he listened	131
For physic and farces	125
For the rector in vain	108
Fortune, men say, doth give	57
Four forgers born	81
Frank, who will any friend supply.	198
Freed from the toils of War	20
Freind! for your epitaphs	122
"Friend Tom," says Ned	199
From blindness relieved	103
From distant climes.	22
From Eden's bower	160
From flower to flower	56
Frost is the greatest artist	99
George the First was	26
Give me a royal niche	27
God's laws declare	30
God, wanting fire	83
Good candle, thou that	8
Good wives to snails	178
Great! Good! and Just!	16
Great thoughts in crude	87
Greece boasts her Homer	75
Grudge leaves the poor	228
Had all the Danes	30

	PAGE
Had Cain been Scot.	227
Had Cowley ne'er spoke	74
Had Pope a person	123
Hail, charming power	228
Hail, heavenly pair!	228
Hail, ye indomitable heroes	31
Half of your book is	87
Hast thou named all	62
Hate and debate, Rome	228
Heavens! what a nose!	166
He first deceased	178
He has quitted the Countess	197
He hit the birds	97
He laid him down and slept	178
He left an example	28
Heliodora's voice	97
Hence, restless care	56
He preferred Hanover	26
Here lies Fred.	20
Here lies the mutton-eating King	17
Here quench your thirst	226
Here Rogers sat	84
Hermit hoar, in solemn cell	63
Her wit and beauty	128
He that's married once	173
His claim to the title.	84
His life is lifeless	81
His speeches to an hour-glass	228
Hither, dear Muse	162
Homer, though blind	71
Honest Pat, if the Devil	229
Hope, heaven-born cherub	44
Houses, Churches, mixed together	227
How D.D. swaggers	106
How Dixon can	226
How falsely does Dorinda's	162
How great thy might	64
How ill the motion	98
How is it that men	55
"How like is this picture"	178
How monarchs die	28
How much are they	160
How often when life's	64
How shall we please	87
How shocking 'tis	226
How strange, a deaf	184
I am His Highness's dog	226
I am the Sibyl.	175
I am unable	227
I asked my fair.	161
I cannot comprehend	197
I change, and so	161
I do not love thee	121
If anybody comes to I	124
If breath were made	55
If death could speak.	17
If every man's.	54
If evil come not	55
If, for silver	159
If neither brass	64
If Nelson looks down	198
If noble death	55
If on my theme	225
If Rome so great	74
If the guilt of all lying	225
If this pale rose	15
If thou do ill	55
If 'tis to marry	174
If 'tis true, as you say	124
If what you advance.	109
If women reflected	161
If you from slips	225
"I give and devise"	223
"I hardly ever ope"	64
I hardly know one	160
I have lost my	109

	PAGE
I have some kinsfolk	222
I heard a judge	115
I know a thing	159
I laugh, joke, quarrel	225
"I'll put down Latin"	88
I loved thee, beautiful	141
I'm in search of a Cupid	140
Immortal Newton	79
Impatient of his childhood	65
Imperial nymph	166
In all thy humours	224
In bed we laugh	64
In Copeman's ear	115
In Craven-street, Strand	114
In critics this country	58
In cutting and dealing	23
Indians assert that	224
In digging up your bones	127
Indulgent Nature to each	197
"I never give a kiss"	160
Ingenious Cowley!	78
In His own image	54
In indenture or deed	116
In Köhln, a town	203
In merry old England	123
In most things I	26
In Noah's day	230
In politics if thou	34
In Pope's melodious verse	78
In the dictionary of words	32
In travel, pilgrims do oft	66
In vain I praise	136
In vain to live	158
In ways to greatness	55
I owe, says Metius	223
Ireland never was	32
Irus, though wanting	54
I send thee myrrh	160
Is Molly Fowle immortal?	158
Is't for a grace	158
I stood and saw	156
I strove with none	65
I swore I loved	183
It is a fault	224
It is a maxim	177
It is not for nothing	103
It is not for our good	53
It is the duty	53
I took you, deceiver	184
It seems as if Nature	224
It sounds like a paradox	159
I've despatched, my dear	104
I've lost my mistress	177
I want, and stand	53
I went to Frankfort	223
I wish thy lot	224
I wondered not	224
I wouldn't live for ever	204
Jack, eating rotten cheese	197
Jack, finding gold	221
Jack says that of law	118
Jem writes his verses	88
John puffs himself	222
John Trott was desired	193
Jones eats his lettuces	226
Joy and temperance	51
Killed by an omnibus	223
Knows he, who never	195
Last night as o'er	157
Leila, whene'er I gaze	158
Let mathematicians	157
Let others, brittle beauties	156
Letters, from absent friends	222
Let this plain truth	65
Lie on! while my revenge	222
Life in death—a mystic lot	95
Life—we've been long	66

	PAGE
Light-fingered Catch	196
Light lie the earth	4
Like Æsop's lion, Burns	81
Like the high Alp	223
Live, I, to-day.	67
"Lives" of great men	89
"Live while you live"	66
Lo! here's the bride	177
Long life and hard frosts	29
Long may this spotless	97
Lookest thou at the stars	154
Lord Chatham, with his	24
Lord Erskine, at women	176
Loud brayed an ass	177
Love is a circle	157
Loveliest of Nature's works	159
Lucia thinks happiness	178
Lutheran, Popish	106
Lysippes' infant neared	222
Man flattering man	166
Man-like is it to fall	54
Manoah's son, in his	221
Man's life's a vapour	53
Maria, just at twenty	175
Mark well my shade	52
Martial, thou gav'st	16
Maxwell, if merit here	104
Men dying make	208
Men say ye are fair	157
Midas, they say	220
Mind but thy preaching	107
Miss Buss and Miss Beale	221
Monarch of times and arts	122
Money thou owest me	221
More than his name	123
My cause concerns	117
My dear, what makes	180
My fair says	156
Myrtle unsheathed his	196
Myrtilla, rising with the	157
My temples throb	89
My thanks I'll no longer	220
Nature and Nature's laws	123
Nay, surely John's the	150
No more let Calumny	176
No more, O Rome	174
None without hope	157
No, not for those	52
No nutmeg can	204
No Stewart art thou	127
Not cypress bring, nor bays	96
Not drunk is he	220
Not to be captious	51
No wonder that her cheeks	155
No wonder the debate	219
Now, Priam's son	156
O Bruscus, cease	155
Of all speculations	132
Of a tall stature	18
Of Augustus and Rome	22
Oft have we wondered	125
Of years I have now	175
Oh, Castlereagh! thou art	25
"Oh!" cried Arsenia	174
Oh, Dunch, if fewer	176
Oh! mourn not for Anacreon	84
Old Jacob by deep	18
Old Orpheus played so well	98
Old Quillet, his race	115
Old South, a witty	108
O'Leary was as poor	175
O Nature! to Old England	121
Once fairly set out	23
Once Horace fancied	76
Once I would bid	130
Once (says an author)	196
On death though wit	49

	PAGE
One day in Christchurch	9
One doctor, single	104
On Edward's brow no laurel	16
"One Prior!" and is this	76
On Folly's lips eternal	220
On his death-bed	172
On me you gaze	132
On parents' knees	50
On Stygian banks	220
On this Tree	129
On Waterloo's ensanguined	83
Or light, or dark	141
O sleep, of death	52
O that my spirit	154
O that there might	31
O thou that high	219
Our English critics	131
Our God and soldier	52
Our grumbling politicians	34
Our life's a journey	67
O wherefore our age	219
Pallas for wisdom prized	77
Pan sighs for Echo	155
Parrat protests 'tis he	219
Parsons and lawyers both	113
Paulus, the famous quack	106
Phyllis, you little rosy rake	153
Point in his foremost	10
Pollio, who values nothing	86
Poor Cassim! thou art	218
Poor in my youth	51
Poor John, who lost	173
Poor Stephen is young	173
Pope came off clean	77
Pope Quin who damns all	93
Pox on't says Time	122
Praise in old times	215
"Preaching is foolishness"	109
Presence of mind he has not	217
Pretender in the Isle of Egg!	20
Pride is his pity	133
Proper terms here are met	109
Quoth Cibber to Pope	77
Quoth David to Daniel	218
Quoth Dick to Tom	21
Rant is, they say	133
Reach, with your whiter	151
Rusticus wrote a letter	153
Saint Peter stopped	87
Satire should, like a	219
Satyrs and fauns on Tempe's	218
Says George to William	172
Says Giles, "My wife"	174
Says his landlord to Thomas	195
Says Montague to me	153
Says Tom to Richard	124
Says Tom, who held	195
Says Will to Mat	118
Say, what is Abstract	153
Say which enjoys	150
Scarce from privation's	133
Scribbletonius, thy volumes	89
See how beneath the	49
Seven wealthy towns	72
Shall Chantrey be called	97
She is not fair	152
Shelley styles his new poem	83
Shines the last age	51
Should I seek Hymen's tie	63
Should man, through the	130
Silvia makes sad complaints	152
Since Ganymede's time	152
Sir, can you tell	217
Sir Inigo doth fear it	121
Sly Beelzebub took all	172
Sly Cupid, perceiving	151

	PAGE
Small service is true service	218
So careful is Isa	217
So Castlereagh has cut his throat	25
So great his passion	171
So he has cut his throat	25
Sol Daphne sees	104
Some envious Scot	93
Some laugh, while others	48
Some of your hurts	51
Somesay, that Signor Bononcini	98
Sometimes to sense	89
So much dear Pope	77
Sooner shall heaven put out	71
Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er	139
So rude and tuneless	88
Sound sleeps yon guardian	195
So well deserved is	129
So, when the Sun	150
Spectator, cease your cruel glee	217
"Statue! your sculptor whence?"	49
Still in our ears	71
Still let him sleep	109
Stop thief! dame Nature cried	126
Straight is the line of duty	48
Stranger, kneel here!	74
Stranger, to whom	80
Strike with Thor's hammer	130
Such a liar as Peter	133
Such Helen was	152
Sure never yet was antelope	151
Sure 'twas by Providence	133
Swans sing before they die	134
Sweet Benjamin, since thou art	50
Sweet Swan of Avon!	73
Take a portion of wit	9
Take your night cap again	125
Talk of war with a Briton	80
"Taxes are equal," is a dogma	32
Tell me, all-judging Jove	48
"Tell me," said Laura	149
"Tell me why Justice"	195
Tender-handed stroke a nettle	47
Ten thousand flakes	48
Thanks to my stars	216
That all from Adam	47
That flesh is grass	85
That he's ne'er known	134
That he was born	134
That Homer should a bankrupt be	194
That I was noble born	49
That married souls in Heaven	180
That picture-raffles will	98
That speech surpasses force	217
That there is falsehood	126
That the stones of our Chapel	194
That thou may'st injure	51
That woman's wrong who tries	208
That you cannot get rid	194
The art of painting	99
The Bench hath oft	110
The best of epigrams	10
The carver's knife in vain	96
The cat that nightly	194
The Congreve of a former age	216
The curate lived hard!	108
The doctor lives by	113
The doubtful sneeze!	99
The formal ape endeavours	215
The French have taste	216

	PAGE
The garb, Dutch or Cossack	202
The Germans, in Greek	215
The glass, by lover's nonsense	149
The golden hair that Galla	150
The head's so large	10
Their good and ill	95
Their places to the North	131
The King, observing	19
The King to Oxford	19
The King of Great Britain	18
The lady who this resolution	150
The law and the gospels	215
The law decides questions	115
The lawyer's house	116
The line of Vere	163
The little boy, to show	148
The man who first	149
The noble art from Cadmus	89
The one clothed in velvet	48
The one end of a rope	148
The only fair traders	215
The poor dear dead	85
The privilege, hard money	214
The qualities rare	9
The readers and the hearers	90
There is Spirit above	214
There's scarce a point	214
The riches of the mind	47
The ring so worn	171
The rule of the road	213
The sage, who said	213
"These beer-shops," quoth Barnabas	212
These little atoms that	148
These Napoleon left behind	24
These toys can	68
These walls, well-filled	211
The skill of the painter	99
The snake, tradition's tale avers	46
The stomach is a thrifty thing	211
The suitors sinned, but	95
The thresher Duck could	75
The Tory squires of	30
The town has found out	92
The various ills below	46
The wish should be	125
The word explains itself	214
The world is a bundle of hay	45
The world is but	204
The world of fools	45
The world's a book	45
The world's a printing house	45
The world's Light shines	47
The wretch, condemned	44
They call thee rich	134
They cannot be complete	192
They're richer who diminish	43
They say, God wot!	193
They say his wit's refined	129
They say, O'Keefe	83
They say thine eyes	149
They say Ward has no heart	129
They told me, Heraclitus	90
Thine eyes look up	154
Think all you speak	50
This day, of all our days	171
This figure that thou here	72
This gardener's rule applies	48
This great orator's talents	126
This is God's House	109
This life a theatre	46
This long word comes only	33
This one sits shivering	46
This work is Nature's	79
This world is a well-furnished	45
Those envious flakes	149

	PAGE
Those epigrams, my friend	11
Thou addest daily to thy store	134
Thou art so witty	124
Thou dreariest droll	124
Thou essence of dock	125
Thou eyest the stars	154
Thou flower-fed bee!	148
Though British accents	147
Though but the being of a day	41
Though George, with respect	33
Though marriage by some folks	173
Though matches are all made	171
Though Nature thee	135
Though the mills of God	44
Though thou'rt like Judas	126
Thoughtless that all	43
Though to your face	5
Thou great descendant	135
Thou mayst of double ignorance	135
Thou speakest always ill	212
Thou swear'st thou'lt drink no more	213
Thou wert the morning star	147
Thracians! who howl	42
Three colonels, in three	30
Three goddesses once	147
Three poets, in three	75
Three preachers, in three	107
Three traitors, Oxford	29
Three truths should make	23
Thrice happy Damon!	43
Thrice is he armed	192
Through and through	90
Thro' Pancras Churchyard	171
Through life's dull road	214
Through regions by wild men	131
Thus Adam looked	145
Thuscus writes fair	90
Thy beard and head	135
Thy father all from thee	213
Thy hands are washed	212
Thy praise or dispraise	90
Thy verses are eternal	91
Thy verses, friend	91
Thy wit in vain	76
'Tis a very good world	43
'Tis done; I yield	147
'Tis generous, Theobald	78
'Tis noble, sure	212
'Tis one of Chloe's qualities	146
'Tis said, O Cambria!	91
'Tis true, I am ill	128
Titas, the brave and valorous	210
To a Swiss, a gay Frenchman	209
To gild o'er avarice	41
To heal the wound	146
To John I owed	191
To love and to be loved	43
Tom Goodfellow came to his fortune	193
To-morrow you will live	44
Tom runs from his wife	184
To no one Muse	135
Too small for any marketable	212
To Paris, at the dread command	94
To purify their wine	210
To rob the public	209
To shaggy Pan	4
To sinless Eve's admiring	146
To slothful men the day	42
To stone the Gods have changed her	94

	PAGE
To the Church I once went	110
To thee, fair freedom! I retire	209
To this dark cave	42
To this night's masquerade	192
To wonder now at Balaam's ass	31
To Zephyr, most	4
Treason doth never prosper	34
True wit is like	11
Truth's in a well	42
Truth, they say	42
Two ears and but a	41
Two goddesses now	147
Two gossips prating	110
Two Harveys had a secret wish	191
Two lawyers, when a knotty	117
Two Lockes in England	191
Two men looked	46
Two millers thin	191
Two names of late	111
Two noble earls	190
Two Miltons in separate ages	129
Two went to pray!	111
United States, your banner wears	29
Up at the stars, thou	154
Upon its lofty column's	25
Usurpers are the giddy	33
Various the roads of life	65
Venit ad Euphratum	192
Venus, take my votive glass	146
Victoria's sceptre o'er the deep	28
Virgil, whose magic verse enthrals	190
Virtue we praise	41
Virtue with so much ease	110
Vulcan to scorch thy dress	82
Waking, we burst, at each return	40
Weep, daughter of a royal line	24
We men have many faults	194
We pledged our hearts	142
We've fought for Peace	24
What can the cause be	17
What! Dares made a Knight	135
What dost thou in that mansion fair	127
What Horace says is.	40
What is an Epigram?	8
What is a Unionist	32
What is lighter than a feather	189
What is man's history?	40
What is prudery?	187
What is the reason	208
What lass is for my money?	143
What makes all doctrines plain	112
What means then Hesiod	144
What mean ye	211
What Midas touched	76
What needs my Shakespeare	73
What of lords with whom	136
What poets feel not	91
What? rise again	169
What's fashionable	211
When age my throbbing	100
When all the blandishments	39
When Arria from her wounded	210
When a viper its venom	91
When beauteous Helen left	145
When Bibo thought fit	189

	PAGE
When Billy found the scarce	21
When born—in tears	50
When by night the frogs	40
Whence deathless Kit-Cat	19
When Chloe's picture	100
When Christ, at Cana's feast	210
When daring Blood	18
When death puts out	40
When death's dark stream	187
When Dido's spouse	189
When dressed for the evening	208
Whene'er contending parties	33
Whene'er your auditors	114
When Eve brought woe	170
When Eve upon the first	188
When Fame did o'er	81
When famed Varelst	99
When first I attempted	188
When Fortune seems to smile	38
When 'gainst Calés	188
When I ascribed	145
When I first saw	95
When I resign this world	85
When lately Pym descended	17
When Lesbia first I saw	142
When Limerick once	129
When men a dangerous	105
When More some years	117
When painters or sculptors	117
When Paris gave his voice	144
When quacks, as quacks may	105
When Sarah Jane the moral miss	144
When smitten with love	176
When Tadlow walks the streets	122
When the devil was sick	39
When Tom Macaulay's	190
When two score throats	98
When will Belisa's envious	144
Where art thou, beloved To-morrow	39
Where is the man who has	208
Whether tall men	170
Whether the heavens be foul	39
Which is of greater value	170
While Adam slept	170
While Butler, needy wretch	75
While Fell was reposing	136
While haughty Gallia's dames	143
While leanest beasts	39
Whilst in the dark	142
Whilst petty offences	116
Who can believe	111
Who can hide fire?	142
Whoe'er he be that sojourns here	207
Whoe'er takes counsel	116
Whoe'er thou art, thy master see	94
Who first transcribed	71
Who has the better game	37
Who killed John Keats?	83
Who liveth in Courts	39
Who only in his cups	207
Who seeks to please all	38
Who the Dickens	85
Who trusts in all	38
"Who wrote Eikon Basilike?"	86
Why, Chloe, why	143
Why for your spouse	184
Why "golden," when that age	37
Why is a handsome wife adored	169
Why is a pump like	26

	PAGE
Why on St. David's Day	207
Why, pray, of late	188
Why should honesty seek	114
Why should I blush	38
Why should we complain	23
Wise, honest Plutarch!	72
With change of climate	128
With doubtful strife	105
With fear on the Euphrates	192
With gun or chisel	96
With honour thus	94
Within this awful volume	37
Within this grave a bachelor	207
With leering look, bull-faced	123
With me the rosy goblet	37
With me while present	143
With woman's form	141
With women and apples	140
Women are books	141
Would you send the man	105
Would you wish to get well	106
Wretch! find new gods	131
Ye hypocrites! are these	21
Ye lie, friend Pindar!	188
Ye men of wit and wealth	112
Ye politicians, tell me pray	23
Ye rascals of ringers	208
Yes, every poet is a fool	91
Yes, 'twas politic, truly	104
Ye woodcocks that from Chantrey	97
Yon ass, in vain the flowery lawns	79
You always are making	169
You ask me why I have	140
You ask me why Pontefract's	34
You beat your pate	131
You did late review	130
You move the people	132
You put above your door	132
You never dine at home	132
Your Bible, madam	187
Your eye, that into shade	140
Your lower limbs	128
Your pity not in vain	112
Your pleasures spring, like daisies	139
Your reasons are specious	114
Your wife's possessed	170
You say, to me-wards	139
You say, without reward or fee	103

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